

THE BEE

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Hon. J. C. Napier Will Land

Will Succeed Dr. Vernon as Register of the Treasury

It is the opinion of The Bee that he will assume office next week. The appointment of Mr. Napier who is a graduate of Howard University, will doubtless be pleasing to the many alumni throughout the country.

A Leader of His Race.

BOSTON, Feb. 28.—William Henry Lewis is one of the leading men of his race in the country. Born of parents who had been slaves, he won distinction at Harvard as a scholar and an athlete, attracted attention later as a lawyer in this city, and during the administration of President Roosevelt was appointed assistant district attorney.



Lewis was born in Berkeley, Va., in 1865. In 1888 he entered Amherst College, where he won distinction for scholarship and athletics. Entering the Harvard Law School in 1892, he played center on the football team for two years, and later was one of the coaches. He is credited with being the first football strategist to find a way to stop Pennsylvania's famous "guards back" play.

CONDITION OF THE NEGRO DETAIL BY ONE OF THEM.

Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, Speaks to Pastors—Strong Presentation of Race Problem and How It Is Being Solved.

Daily Times, Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 28.

Dr. James E. Shepard, president of the National Religious Training School and Chautauqua, Durham, N. C., an institution modeled after the Northfield (Mass.) schools, spoke yesterday morning to the United Pastors' Association of this city, on the "Religious Education and Training of the Negro Race." The unanimous judgment of the pastors present, both white and colored, was that the address was one of the sanest and most helpful yet delivered on this question in this city. Dr. Shepard said, in part:

"Religious education awakens the sluggish, dormant energies of an individual and turns them into channels of usefulness. It stops the large amount of waste material found in jails, penitentiaries and chain gangs, and puts it to useful service. It adds to the material growth and prosperity of the city, the State and the Nation. It protects the home and causes peace to reign instead of confusion.

"To educate a man religiously does not mean that he is to shout on Sunday and do poor work and devilment on Monday, but it means to do the very best and to put the very best into life's work.

"Mary was asked about her religion, how she knew she had it, and she said she swept in the corners, under the beds, and removed the rugs—that was why."

The speaker said this was what he meant by religious education—to be honest, true and reliable. He said the largest asset of any race should be turned into practical channels. Since enthusiasm is the largest asset of the race, it should be directed along practical lines.

The National Religious Training School is founded to teach that religion and work must go hand in hand. Primarily, it was formed to reach the Negro minister who is ignorant and untrained. There are 30,000 Negro ministers in the United States, and of this number only 10 per cent are trained, leaving the startling fact, 27,000 untrained ministers leading a comparatively ignorant mass of nearly 10,000,000 people. The Negro minister exercises more than a priestly influence over his race, so he must be reached.

One of the strongest arguments, apart from the actual need of this kind of school, is the fact that the Southern white people who represent the best element of progress are among its strongest supporters.

The chairman of the committee in control is Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court. The treasurer, Gen. Carr, is an ex-Confederate soldier and one of the largest mill owners in the South.

All denominations are represented; the school is reverent in spirit, interdenominational in character, and thorough in methods.

Dr. Shepard was followed by the Rev. I. Welch and the Rev. James Smith, colored ministers of this city. Dr. Joshua Gravatt, of Denver, also made a brief address along the same lines.

During the business session a committee was appointed to adopt resolutions on the death of the Rev. Wallace B. Lucas, former pastor of the Park Place Presbyterian Church. Dr. I. M. Boswell was named as chairman, the other members of the committee being J. Vesey and I. Welch, colored.

This was the regular joint meeting of the white and colored pastors, and was largely attended.

MISS MOTEN SUBSCRIBES.

She Gives The Bee Some Advice.

Miss Lucy E. Moten, principal of the normal school, sends a letter to the editor of The Bee and tells the editor the kind of paper that will command influence, etc.

Her Letter.

February 28, 1911.
Mr. Wm. Calvin Chase, Editor Washington Bee, 1109 Eye Street.

My Dear Sir: I am sending you a clipping from the Christian Science Monitor, which most accurately and eloquently describes my ideal of the editorial writer. I beg that you will note the thoughts underlined. If you will but rise to this height, your paper will become the most powerful influence for enlightenment and championship of the good among us that it is possible to depict.

"The journalist is today the trustee of a public that needs, and needs keenly, a good trustee. The journalist stands at the head of the public's reservoir of information and advice, and as he keeps it pure and clear will be rewarded. As he lets it be soiled or tainted will be rewarded also, but in justice's sterner metal."

His paper must tell the truth, give good advice, and voice the reasonable and wholesome opinion that he hopes his readers will adopt or have already. He must meet the demands for the best in everything that is good. He must march with his readers into the light and not away from it.

Believing that it is your intention in the future to best serve the public by giving facts calculated to uplift the reader rather than inflame prejudice, distinct generous views or foster hatred and envy, I take pleasure in forwarding my subscription amount for the current year.

Very respectfully yours,
LUCY E. MOTEN.

MOTT SCHOOL TO GO.

Wait, Says Captain Oyster.

Declaring the old Mott school building, at Sixth and Trumbull streets, to be unsanitary and unfit for human occupation, the Health Department has recommended its abandonment for school purposes. In view of this recommendation, which is indorsed by Snowden Ashford, municipal architect, the Commissioners Saturday decided to bring the matter to the attention of the Board of Education, with a request for information as to the practicability of reserving the building for use as a storage room or repair shop.

The building is occupied by the business department of the Armstrong Manual Training School, and is declared by John L. Norris, sanitary inspector of the Health Department, to be totally unfit for school purposes.

"The building is heated by stoves and is insufficiently ventilated," says Inspector Norris. "The rooms used for classes in typewriting are so dark they are unfit for class rooms at all, and especially for classes in typewriting. The plastering is falling. The building is frame, and the fire-escapes are of wood. The common drinking cup is used. The yard is defectively drained. The areas are damp. The downspouts and gutters are leaky, so that a person entering the building cannot avoid getting wet. The condition of the guttering renders the passage way, which is constantly used, so damp that the children's shoes are wet."

"The building, in my opinion, is insanitary and unfit for human occupation, and I recommend that it be abandoned."

Municipal Architect Ashford said that the new Mott school was constructed several years ago with the understanding that the old building was to be abandoned, and for that reason no repairs had recently been made. Repairs will be made, he said, if it is decided by the Board of Education to continue the use of the building for school purposes.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I have been attending the basketball contests at True Reformers' Hall. I am a sort of a fiend on basketball, and that's nearly as well as I do base ball, and that's liking it some. But unless our boys get a letter of introduction to the bath tub before they play, I will have to cut them out—that is, cut the games out. You know when a genial son of Ham who goes in strong for athletics gets to doing strenuous stunts, and the perspiration begins to ooze from the pores, if he has not been baptized in about a foot and a half of water before he enters the game, there is sure to be a lot of odors come forth that will almost strangle the olfactory cells. I would suggest to our basketball players that just before they go to the hall to play a game they take a plunge into the waters of the bath tub, sprinkle a little Florida water into the bath water, and then when they have rubbed themselves dry, rub about a drachm of talcum powder over their bodies. If they will do this, those of us who sit in the gallery will not have to cork up our olfactory organs with a pinch of cotton to prevent it becoming congested with odors that are not at all similar to the odor from attar of roses. I like my basketball, but oh you odoriferous odors!

This column is a sort of looking glass. It gives you a chance to see yourself as others see you, and to read what others are saying about you. I believe it was Bobby Burns, riotous, jolly Bobby Burns, who wrote "give us the power to see ourselves as others see us." That's the English of it—I can't quote his Scotch dialect. Now I am presenting you with that opportunity. I just record what I hear as I move in and out among the lily whites, high yallers, tantalizing browns and over-ripe brunettes. I get around considerable, too. I always was a sort of a seer, and I like to talk and hear others talk. The counts for my propensity to get around. There is really no occasion for any one to get hot under the collar over what appears in this column, because I really don't mean to hurt any one's feelings. I am on good terms with every living soul, except my creditors, and they treat me nicely. Everybody has treated me as I would have them treat me.

Speaking about seeing yourself as others see you, I remember that Arthur Gray once said to me, a long while ago, that "when a fellow gets into the lime light he ought not to be too sensitive." That Arthur Gray, by the way, is a sort of a philosopher. He's what they call "a pippin" out in the adobe regions of New Mexico. Once in a while I drop in that coinage factory at the corner of 12th and You run by Arthur and his wife under the name of a pharmacy, and chat with him. I have never heard him say a real mean thing about any one. He comes pretty near being an ideal fellow. And he's got lots of brain, and a ton or two of hustle. I don't know who Arthur and his wife will leave their money to, when they cross the River Styx, for they have no children. I often notice that they have their window filled with Negro doll babies. It may be that they expect to experiment on these dolls with some of their drugs in an effort to put life into them. If so, then they will have several heirs. Some of these fellows who are always whining about what a hard time a black man has ought to take Arthur Gray as a pattern. Now no blind man even would take Arthur for a high yaller, and yet his chief thinks he's a cardinal, just because he delivers the goods in unbroken doses. His wife, who is also a hustler, joined him in opening up a coinage factory, and now they are eating and sleeping under their own vine and fig tree, and are picking fruit off of two or three other trees which they own. He's popular with every one. Arthur never thinks about his color—doesn't consider that as a liability, and the result is he succeeds. Whenever a fellow whose color is about three degrees removed from a box of Howard's shoe dressing is always worrying about his complexion as a liability he must take care of, generally that fellow winds up with a shovel and a boiler with which to make a living in putting in coal. "A man's a man, white or black, for all of that," and all he has to do to succeed is to do just what Arthur Gray has done—hustle.

Well, I dressed up in my claw hammer coat, of a vintage of 1900, and went to the Monican's assembly Friday night. This society business doesn't appeal to me much any more, but when you have women folks around your hut, you have just got to do the silly act once in a while. It was a pretty affair, and the women sure did look good. I danced, as best I could, but really dancing has gone up on me. One thing, life is a little too serious, and the handicaps a little too strong for Ham to spend much time dancing and making moon eyes at black belles in hobble skirts or low-necked gowns. If I only had two per cent of the money colored people of this city spend on pleasure, I could erect that Lincoln Memorial building and then have about \$200,000 to lend out on three per cent. But I suppose we have to have that pleasure, and we will continue to reason that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This Monican crowd will give one more assembly, I understand, after Easter, and then what a long wait Heck, Lansburgh, Kan's, and some of these other stores will experience for "payment in full!"

for some of the gorgeous gowns that will be worn at that assembly. I remember Nevill Thomas once said, when he looked over a lady who was dressed within one inch of the White House, and he hesitated an hour or two between each word he uttered—"By George, it must cost a fellow all he makes and more to be married." Nevill was right, and these assemblies and dances and parties are what keep Nevill, Cobb, Sum Wormley and several other "I-want-what-I-want" bachelors two miles away from a marriage license merchant. And can you blame them?

I saw a seal-brown maiden, the other day, coming down You street with a hobble skirt on. Around the hips it fit her like one of Alcock's porous plasters, and it was cut just long enough to keep from touching her instep by about one foot, displaying a pair of silk hose that were tolerably well filled, let me tell you. She had on a pair of suede shoes, so low that they just covered her toes, and her head was decorated with a lid big around as a hog's head, and decorated with what they call willow plumes, that must have cost thirty or forty dollars. As I watched her retreating form, and I have a weakness for a natty-formed fifth rib, I said to myself, "Now I wonder who keeps that broiler?" When she crossed Thirteenth street, although her dress skirt was only within view distance of her ankles, don't you know that seal-brown lady deftly raised her skirt about five inches, and of course every man who was passing began rubber-necking. Now this young woman thought she was killing things, but in reality she was making a fool of herself. If there is a suggestive garb that is more suggestive than a Salome costume, it is a hobble skirt that hugs the hips like a plaster, showing all the angles, the contour, and what not. I don't think a hobble skirt was ever designed for a modest lady. They were designed for women who discount modesty and virtue about fifty per cent. If I had a wife or a sister who would go out on a street in one of those extreme hobble dresses, I would immediately go around to Board & McGuire's and ask them to fix me up some painless life destroyer, and I would give that wife or sister about a dollar's worth to be sure it would take effect. And there is another thing I hate, to see one of our women wearing those "peek-a-boo" waists. There's no use in any decent woman making a display of private matter. Now this little talk may be a bit plain, but some times you have to use a plane to get a board smooth. We men may look at a hosiery display because it is free and on dress parade, and we may take a squint at what reposes behind a peek-a-boo waist, when it costs nothing, but that's no proof that we approve of such vagaries. This is a hint to three or four women with more than one-sixteenth Negro blood in their veins. I wonder if they will tumble?

I tell you that speech of Senator Lorimer was a real human document. When you read that speech and consider what a long way he has come, how many creases he had to cross, and how many obstacles were in his path, you at once compare his life with the life of the colored man who comes up into the limelight. There may have been bribery in that election, but we colored men can't help but take Billy Lorimer's side, because his life is a reproduction of our lives—filled with troubles. Of course Lorimer is not an educated man, he never could solve the pythagorean theorem, and he probably could not recognize Virgil if he met the old has-been in a street car, but he can treat his brother, no matter what his color or race, as a man. After all, the fellow who feels for and with his fellowmen, and just naturally excavates himself out of the mine of poverty and obscurity has something in him that appeals to every one who has one dram of the milk of human kindness in his make-up. I take the Billy Lorimer side, because he's human, and has stood the hard raps, and won.

ODD FELLOWS' SPLIT INEVITABLE.

The Independent Order With Two-Year Supreme Court Graft Denounced.

That there will be a split in the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows within two years is the consensus of opinion among some of the leading members of the order. There are murmurs of dissatisfaction throughout the country, and many have asserted that the Northern, Eastern and Western members of the order will never go to Atlanta, Ga.; that an independent movement is growing daily. In this city there are hundreds of Odd Fellows who are not saying very much but are doing a great deal of thinking. The Atlanta, Ga., contingent intend to put both the Houston and Morris factions out of business. Ben. Davis has not forgotten how he and his associates were treated in Philadelphia, Pa., about four years ago. Mr. Hawze, who is one of the strongest and one of the most honorable Odd Fellows in the South, has his eyes open. Recorder Henry Lincoln Johnson, who was the attorney for Hawze, is not sleeping. Morris' and Houston's occupation is gone.

The Supreme Court.

This Supreme Court graft is not meeting with popular favor among the better thinking Odd Fellows. They declare that they will not tolerate it. It is an unnecessary adjunct to the order. It is two thousand dollars or more a year thrown away, when it could be appropriated to the helpless

widows and orphans of the order.

The Odd Fellows' Journal has made its appearance in this city, and it contains the cut, not Odd Fellows' news, but a bombastic write-up of two of the so-called justices of the so-called Supreme Court, Morris' brother and Will Houston, ex-grand master. Just how this will appease the appetite of the disgruntled members of the order, The Bee will see.

BISHOP ALEXANDER WALTERS.

Address on His Travels in Africa. Claims of Livingstone College.

The Livingstone College Association, of this city, of which Dr. S. L. Corrothers is president, held a mass meeting at Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church on 6th street northwest, Monday evening, February 20, ult., at which time to a large and enthusiastic audience Bishop Walters spoke of his recent travels in Africa, setting forth in a lucid manner the great needs of that fertile country along the lines of religious and material work—offering splendid opportunities for any of the race in this country to lend a helping hand in the uplift of the father land. The Bishop never seemed in a happier vein than on this occasion. The large audience indicated substantially its sympathy in the cause presented by the speaker.

Lawyer E. M. Hewlett followed the Bishop in a few well chosen and pointed remarks, manifesting great interest in the work set forth by Bishop Walters.

Dr. Corrothers presided and introduced the speakers, and spoke of the object and aim of the association. That it is the purpose to raise \$250,000 in aid of Livingstone College, situated at Salisbury, N. C., and the leading institution of learning of the A. M. E. Zion denomination. The plans looking to the rebuilding of the girl's dormitory are under way, and Dr. Corrothers is very sanguine of the work under his charge. As the pastor of Galbraith Church in this city, Dr. Corrothers, during the nine years of his charge, has brought to a prominence never before attained, and given the denomination a prestige in Washington greater than ever before. After the close of the meeting refreshments were served in the lecture room of the church.

LIVINGSTONE COLLEGE.

Dr. Corrothers' Great Work—Will Raise \$250,000.

Dr. Sylvester L. Corrothers, pastor of Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church, was the first man to hoist the banner for the twenty thousand dollars' collection for Livingstone College. This great pulpit orator and agitator is arranging for a great mass meeting of the people in the interest of this college. Dr. Corrothers is a worker, and this mass meeting will be the greatest on record. Watch The Bee for particulars.

TUSKEGEE'S GREAT DAY.

Distinguished People at the School—Booker Washington's Methods Indorsed.

(Special dispatch to The Bee.)
TUSKEGEE, ALA., Feb. 27.—The Tuskegee Institute has had a larger number of distinguished and important visitors during the last few days than has ever been true in its history. In addition to the visit of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of New York, last week, there came to the school this week Hon. Seth Low, Mr. Frank Trumbull, chairman of the board of directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, Mr. Alfred T. White, and about one hundred and twenty-five superintendents of city, county and State superintendents of education, and with the superintendents there were principals of normal schools and many college professors. Four members of the city school board of Boston were designated by the public school authorities of Massachusetts to visit Tuskegee with a view of inspecting its methods and plans and to see what can be done in the way of using the same methods in the Boston public schools. In speaking to the students, Mr. Charles A. Prosser, deputy commissioner of education in Massachusetts, said among other things: "I would like to say at the outset, I believe that we all think that industrial education is coming to stay in this country. The kind of education that trains all kinds of men in all kinds of ways for all kinds of things is the kind of education needed and when some time in the distant future the history of the movement for industrial education is written high upon its roll of honor, will stand the names of Booker T. Washington and the trustees and benefactors who have from time to time served this institution so loyally and well."

Continuing, he said another thing that Tuskegee has taught us is that the vocational school is a finishing school. It does not prepare for more preparation, it prepares for the definite calling or pursuit in life, just as the law school and the medical school do. Finally, the thing that Tuskegee has taught us and we know it today in our hearts, is that vocational education in the last analysis is highly educative.

Thinks Well of The Bee.

Lawyer G. C. Scurlock, himself once a newspaper man and a knight of the quill, says The Bee is all right. This quiet and unassuming man knows the game of politics, and had he played it half as well for himself as he did for others, his star would today be high.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Jacob H. Schiff, head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the New York banker and philanthropist, with a party of friends, visited Tuskegee for two days and delivered an address to the students and teachers.

Dr. Emmett Densmore, of New York City, the author of several books on hygiene and food theories, also an inventor, died at Cassadaga, Fla. It is said that the entire residue of his estate goes to Tuskegee Institute.

A contest conducted by a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of New York City to decide the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language was won by John Shea, a lawyer of New York.

Ulysses C. Scott, who in all probability was the most successful colored man in the mechanical world, being identified with several large automobile firms, died in New York last week.

The executor of the estate of Mr. Andrew J. Dotger has recently turned over to the Trustees of the Tuskegee Institute \$404,892.57, which will go toward the endowment fund of the institution.

It is said the first American Negro to take title to land in Monrovia, Liberia, was a woman by the name of Sarah Draper.

Arrangements are being made to purchase three aeroplanes by the War Department as soon as the first installment of the appropriation carried by the army appropriation bill becomes available.

Charles D. Norton, Secretary to President Taft, is to become Vice President of the First National Bank of New York City. He will become a protégé of J. P. Morgan for the First National Bank, which is in a tremendous struggle for supremacy in financial affairs in the United States.

Union potters of Crooksville, Ohio, are protesting against the acceptance of \$20,000 from Andrew Carnegie for a library there. They call his money tainted.

Roland Harriman, the youngest son of E. H. Harriman, unveiled the memorial fountain at Goshen, N. Y., to the memory of his father.

It is said a race riot lasted three hours last Monday at Fort Worth, Tex., resulting in a half dozen colored people being roughly handled and thousands of dollars damage done to buildings occupied by colored people.

It is stated that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which has been running Jim Crow local cars from Maryland to Philadelphia, has agreed to discontinue the practice, following the filing of a protest by a number of leading citizens.

The four educational and missionary conventions will be held in the following places: Baltimore, from May 31 to June 4; Atlanta, June 7 to 11; New Orleans, June 14 to 18; and St. Louis, June 21 to 25, 1911.

Dr. Eugene F. Porter, Health Commissioner of the State of New York, says there are about 3,000,000 sick people in the country, and 1,500,000 are sick of preventable diseases.

Richmond, Va., seems to be the cradle of Negro industry. There is now operated and owned by Negroes there a Capital Shoe and Supply Company. R. T. Hill is President and W. A. Saunders Vice President.

According to reports, two and one-half to three times as many white soldiers desert from the army as Negro soldiers. The rate of desertion among the colored troops compares favorably with the low rate of the British army.

Mr. Joseph L. Jones, colored, who established in 1902 the Central Regalia Company, has one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country. They manufacture every sort of regalia now in use. The company has branch offices in Columbia, S. C.; New Orleans, La., and Selma, Ala.

The True Reformers' Building in Newport News, Va., was sold for \$100,000. Fortunately, it was kept in possession of the race, as Mr. E. C. Brown, President of the Crown Savings Bank, purchased the property, where the bank will probably be located.

Mrs. Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, a co-worker with Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Lucretia Mott, and noted for her anti-slavery lectures and writings, died at the age of 87 in Philadelphia, Pa.

According to Dr. A. S. J. Hyde, 25 per cent of the students of Louisiana State University are affected with the hookworm. It was believed that this disease was only to be found among the poorer classes, but the examination of the students have upset this theory.

Mrs. Sinchi Silverman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died at the age of 104, said she saw Napoleon and his starving soldiers retreat through snow from Moscow. She had twenty great-grandchildren.

Another segregation ordinance was introduced in the first branch of the City Council of Baltimore, which, it is said, will stand the test in the courts. Harry Cummings, the colored Councilman, spoke strongly against the ordinance.

After persistent efforts, Thomas Dixon's masterpiece, "The Clansman," was barred from the theater in Des Moines, Iowa, by colored people. A number of white people protested against the play.

It is said a colored man in Georgetown, Ky., was sentenced to life servitude in the penitentiary for stealing a turkey.

Selection from Wagner's Grand Opera

TANNHAUSER

Sung by Enrico Caruso at Metropolitan Opera House, New York

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Allegro.

ritard.

f a tempo.

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

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To Start a Tight Screw.

Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood, a screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.—New York Sun.

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THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (as pictured) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$3.00. Other REDUSO models \$3.00 per pair upwards to \$10.00.

W. B. Nuform and Erect Form Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, \$1.00 upwards to \$5.00 per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Makers, 34th St. at Broadway, New York

Interesting For the Husband.

A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.

"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

Very Thoughtful.

"Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her."

"I suppose you neglect any such attentions now."

"Yes; I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."—Washington Star.

The Only Way.

"I wish I knew how to keep a servant."

"That man across the way can help you."

"Does he conduct an intelligence office?"

"No; he's an embalmer."—Houston Post.

Limited Experience.

Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair off and on? Applicant—Oh, sir, but never on.—Boston Standard.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The kind that most men wear. Notice the cord back and the front ends. They slide in frictionless tubes and move as you move. You will quickly see why Shirley President Suspenders are comfortable and economical for the working man or business man.

Light, Medium or Extra Heavy Weights—Extra Lengths for Tall Men.

Price 50 Cents from your local dealer or by mail from the factory.

Signed Guarantee on every pair

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
333 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

One of the largest payrolls ever signed in the Pittsburgh district was signed December 24, and \$7,000,000 was distributed to men who work in the industrial plants.

According to consular reports, in a few years Germany in all likelihood will consume nothing but imported meats. There is an immense decrease noted in the number of animals for slaughter, according to last count, made October 10, 1910.

Jack Johnson sent Christmas greeting telegrams to James J. Jeffries and Tommy Burns, both of whom he came out victorious when in battle.

A series of inoculation experiments which may mark an epoch in the history of abdominal surgery, will shortly be made the basis of a new preventive treatment for peritonitis at one of the great London hospitals.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila, celebrated his seventy-third birthday anniversary last Monday. Many prominent diplomats and army and navy officials called on the admiral to congratulate him.

John Gray, the inventor, a prominent member of the British Association, has just concluded a long series of experiments in what he calls new phenology. It is done by having colored light flashes thrown into the eye.

The Wright Company will settle an annuity of approximately \$1,000 upon the widow and children of Ralph Johnstone, the aviator killed in a Wright biplane at Denver, Colo.

John D. Rockefeller sent all the school teachers at the Pocatello Hills and Sleepy Hollow schools a \$10 gold piece.

Miss Helen M. Gould gave a turkey and cranberries to every employee on her estate. She also gave \$5 and \$10 gold pieces to the telephone girls at Tarrytown and Irvington exchanges, and to the express and freight agents.

The Christmas gift of 537 acres of land at Mount Braddock, near Uniontown, Pa., to be used as a site for charitable and educational institutions, has been announced. The tract is valued at \$100,000.

QUEER INDIAN BELIEFS.

The Bella Coola Believe There Are Five Worlds and Are Worshipers of the Sun.

There is an odd feature in the theology of the small Indian tribe of the Bella Coola which inhabit British Columbia in about latitude 52. They believe that there are five worlds, one above the other, and the middle one is our own world, the earth. Above it are two heavens, and under it are two underworlds. In the upper heaven is the supreme deity, who is a woman, and she doesn't meddle much with the affairs in the second world below her. The sun is the center of the lower heaven, and here is the house of the gods, in which live the sun and the rest of the deities.

Our own earth is believed to be an island swimming in the ocean. The first underworld from the earth is inhabited by ghosts, who can return, when they wish, to heaven, from which place they may be sent down to our earth. If then they misbehave again they are cast into the lower of the underworlds, and from this bourn no ghostly traveler returns.

The Bella Coola are sun worshippers, for Senex, the sun, the master of the house of gods, who is called the father and the sacred one, is the only deity to whom the tribe pray. Each family of the Bella Coola has its own traditions and its own form of the current traditions, so that in the mythology of the tribe there are countless contradictions. When any one not a member of a clan tries to tell a tradition which does not belong to his clan it is like a white man trying to tell another's joke—he is considered as appropriating the property right which does not belong to him.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

It Came Through Experimenting For High Explosives.

The idea is very general that smokeless powder is being practically achieved its greatest end, but as a matter of fact its smokeless feature is incidental and was an accident.

When the idea of modern long range guns was conceived it was at once apparent that the old black powder lacked explosive force, and thousands of experiments were made with various chemicals to procure a powder of high explosive properties, and this was at last accomplished.

When the new powder was tried, much to the surprise of every one it was found that practically no smoke followed the explosion, though this could of course have been predicted had the question ever arisen. The volume of smoke from black powder is due mainly to the quantity of charcoal in the powder, an ingredient not found in the smokeless explosive.

Smokeless powder, though a great boon to the sportsman, is of questionable value on the battlefield, so far as its smokelessness is concerned. The smoke clouds of old days were frequently most advantageously used to cloak movements of troops and batteries and really interfered with the enemy much more than with the troops creating the smoke.—Exchange.

Saved by Fireflies.
The gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and canebrakes of most of the low lying West Indian islands once proved the salvation of the city of Santo Domingo. A body of buccanniers, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, had laid all their plans for a descent upon the place, intending to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasure they conveniently could, and had actually put off their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou up which they had to proceed, and, concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land.

The Wonderful Banana.
Some people believe that the banana was the original forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. In any case it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable or a herb, but a herbaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, there is no woody fiber in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are often heavier than the stalk which supports them. No other plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana. It yields 44 times more by weight than the potato and 133 times more than wheat. Moreover, no insect will attack it, and it is always immune from diseases of any kind.

Convinced.
"Do you think a college education helps a man in business?"
"Sure. I've had two college boys here workin' for me durin' the past year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Following Orders.
Charlie—What have you been doing to your face, dear boy? Percy—I tried to shave myself this morning. Charlie—What on earth for? Percy—The doctor told me that I ought to take more exercise.—Illustrated Bits.

At Cross Purposes.
Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them. — Boston Transcript.

KANGAROO MEAT.

The Native Youngsters of New Guinea Had a Good Reason For Refusing to Eat It.

In certain parts of New Guinea the wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshment, change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in an English magazine tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

LACEMAKING.

An Old Legend That Tells of the Origin of the Art.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Casaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancée; but, war breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. While absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

Too Realistic.

During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice:

"Police! Help! Thieves!"
The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policemen joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "The fellow has got my watch!"
The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.
"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?"
"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"
"Why, Jim Simpson has been suin' Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't th' judge go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"
"Not at all, not at all! You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Singer and Orator.

"If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench, but unfortunately the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beauty—It's young Mr. Bondclapper. Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beauty—Yes; his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

Anticipation.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit nervous to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefit is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Sample Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman With an Observation on the Servant Problem.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir—I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my slaughter house, as which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a slaughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my slaughter house than other butchery and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can make me your order without your servant's commission, 'as you know your servant is always making money by your meat.' I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P. S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order by letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly."—Boston Transcript.

THE DELUGE.

Queer Old Australian Tradition About the Flood.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it among all the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civilized and delighted in being called the mistress of the land and sea, her people worshipped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile, such animals were shod with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.

Lead Pencil Experiments.

An English statistician was asked how many words could be written with an English lead pencil, and, being determined to answer it, he bought a lead pencil and Scott's "Ivanhoe" and proceeded to copy the latter word by word. He wrote 95,008 words and then was obliged to stop, for the pencil had become so short that he could not use it. A German statistician who heard of this experiment was dissatisfied with it because all the lead in the pencil was not used on the work, and therefore he bought a pencil and started to copy a long German novel. When the pencil was so short that he could not handle it with his fingers he attached a holder to it, and it is said that he wrote with this one pencil 400,000 words. Possibly, however, his pencil was longer or the lead in it was of a more durable quality.

When Silence is Deadly.

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love. There is nothing violent about it. No shock is given. Hope is not abruptly strangled, but merely dreams of evil and fights with gradually stifling shadows. When the last convulsions come they are not terrific. The frame has been weakened for dissolution. Love dies like natural decay. It seems the kindest way of doing a cruel thing.—George Meredith.

Rubbing It In.

The Bride—That nasty Mrs. Jones, next door, said I'd better try these blouses on the dog before I gave 'em to you. The Groom—Hasn't she got a mean disposition! Why, I thought she was fond of dogs!—Cleveland Leader.

Often the Case.

Silence—What do you suppose caused him to go to the bad? Cynicus—Trying to be a good fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramus's "Is-Man Fables."



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Black Eye For Blackstone.

"Your honor," said Moman Pruett, the criminal lawyer, "since reports and modern law are not sufficient to convince you, let me read this section from Blackstone, the father of the common law, an undoubted authority. He supports my contention precisely." "You had as well sit down, Mr. Pruett. I have decided the point against you," replied the court. "You need not cite more cases. I have overruled your demurrer and do not care to hear you read the section." "I know you have," sarcastically said the redoubtable lawyer. "I know it, but I just wanted to show the court what a fool Blackstone was."—Kansas City Times.

First Use of the Word "Kerosene."
The word "kerosene" seems to have been first used in the United States, patented No. 12,612 of March 21, 1865, granted to Abraham Gesner of Williamsburg, N. Y., and assigned to the North American Kerosene Gaslight company. In the preamble to his specification Gesner states that he has "invented and discovered a new and useful manufacture or composition of matter, being a new liquid hydrocarbon which I denominate 'kerosene.'" So far as we are aware and so far as the patent office examiners are aware, this is the first instance in which the word kerosene was suggested as a trademark or a name for what was then generally called "rock oil."—Scientific American.

Ceremonious and Deadly Dull.

The first executive mansion was in Philadelphia, a three story brick building with small pane windows and a heavy brass knocker on the door. Formal state dinners took place on Thursdays at 4 o'clock, with from ten to twenty guests. Friday evenings Mrs. Washington held her drawing rooms. Plum cake, tea and coffee were served at 9 o'clock, after which Mrs. Washington rose and dismissed her guests, as though they were little children too long lingering at a party. "The general," was the naive formula, "always retires at 9, and I usually precede him." The whole affair was ceremoniously ceremonious and deadly dull.—Savage Book.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR.

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 50 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book on attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee gain against loss. Only \$25 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4th Street, S. W.

Just received a large assignment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet preparations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,

316 4th Street, S. W.

and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Macon, Ga., has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless."

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see: Clinton J. Calloway, Real Estate

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LEADERSHIP.

There is a small element of the race—too small to be dignified with the appellation of "element"—who are continually crying against Dr. Washington's participation in political affairs and against his being consulted in the matter of negro appointments. This element, if they can be called an element, are the "outs"—a limited few of the disappointed. As was once before said in these columns, Dr. Washington has no fondness for political activities, politics being distasteful to him; but he believes it is his unbounded duty to do whatever is to be done that will advance the interests of the race. Because of his achievements along constructive lines in the interest of racial advancement he has risen to and been proclaimed and acknowledged the one great leader of his people. Leadership cannot confine its activities to one line of thought or action. Real leadership covers the entire field of human endeavor, and wide and diversified activity is a correlative of leadership.

As a leader in the educational field, let us sum up the growth of educational opportunities for the race throughout the South, the increase of colored schools, the financial support that has been directed to these schools, and then ask the question, What negro has contributed as much in achieving these as Dr. Washington?

As a leader in industrial education, let us consider the hundreds of young colored men and women who are each and every day earning good wages at trades throughout the country, and then ask if he has fulfilled his mission as a leader for industrial education.

As a leader in advocating the development of commercial opportunities, let us consider the thousands of colored men who are to-day successful business men, and then ask the question, Has he been successful as an advocate of business development?

Before Dr. Washington was recognized as a leader, and was called upon for advice because he was and is the race's premier leader, the few colored officials chosen in the North were designated by white politicians, and these few were marooned in the office of Recorder of Deeds and Register of the Treasury, which offices were regarded as exclusively negro offices. Since Dr. Washington has been recognized as the consulting engineer—the race's leader—we have, in addition to these offices, a judge of the Municipal Court—the first and only one; a collector of customs for Washington, a collector of internal revenue for New York, and one for Honolulu; two assistant United States district attorneys, one at Boston and one at Chicago; a special assistant district attorney for Washington; an auditor for the Navy Department, and soon will have an assistant attorney-general. Let us sum up these new places opened up to the race, and then ask the question, Has Dr. Washington's advice in political affairs resulted in lost representation to the race?

Into every field of endeavor into which Dr. Washington has made an excursion the result has been a distinct gain for the race. Let's be fair, and render him the credit that is his.

NO FAVORITES.

The Atlanta Independent, of which Hon. Henry Lincoln Johnson, the Recorder of Deeds, and an appointee of President Taft, is a part owner and a frequent editorial contributor, contains a

double-column, double-leaded 18-point editorial in its issue of February 18, under the caption of "The Common Sense of the Whole Matter," in which the President is, in effect, criticised for his announced intention to appoint Mr. Napier Register of the Treasury to succeed Dr. Vernon. The Bee entertains the highest respect for both Mr. Napier and Dr. Vernon, and wishing both success, is not a party to preferring one above the other, and does not think that Dr. Vernon has, directly or indirectly, incited The Independent's editorial. We do think, however, because of Hon. Henry Lincoln Johnson's connection with The Independent, that it hardly squares with propriety for that newspaper to criticize the President's selection of a negro for office, and especially when that negro is a high type of a gentleman and qualified to administer the office.

The Atlanta Independent labors under the mistaken idea that the prime requisition for a negro officeholder is political zealotry. The prime requisite for a negro officeholder, and the requisite that will, when employed, reflect the highest credit upon his people, is ability to perform the duties, and an inclination to assume and to perform his official duty. We are of the opinion that a second thought would have argued against the writing of The Independent's editorial, for propriety sake, and for the reason that Mr. Napier's appointment has been determined upon and will be made. In what we have said we mean in nowise to detract from Dr. Vernon's ability. We are playing no favorite in this race, which has been run and won.

EDITOR SLAUGHTER.

Editor Slaughter, of the Odd Fellows Journal, has returned to the city with bag and baggage. This city has a soothing effect on all people who come here. Once they inhale the sweet odor and witness the magnificent distances and become intoxicated with the social element, no man or woman was ever known to remain away.

Editor Slaughter is a genial fellow, and is able to edit the Journal if the so-called supreme court of the order will just let him alone. Editor Slaughter will have his ups and downs. He must keep before the public eye with flattering comments on the ambitious judges and their great legal knowledge of the law. If the court should decide that a monkey is a mule, Editor Slaughter must say amen to it.

If the court should make the mistake and read from Chitty instead of Blackstone, Editor Slaughter must say amen. If the court should feel like sustaining an unjust petition for the abolition of a lodge that has been unjustly put out of business, Editor Slaughter must say amen.

He must not take issue with the grand master or the ex-grand master of recent fame, if he wants to edit the Journal in peace. Remember poor Asberry, Editor Slaughter, and profit by past events.

The Bee sympathizes with its able contemporary, but wishes him all the success in the world. Keep in the middle of the road, Editor Slaughter, and take advice of those who placed you upon the throne, because, if you don't, "you will fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again."

The Bee hopes that no member of the supreme court will attempt to dictate to you as to how you shall run the paper of the lodge, but will permit you to exercise your own judgment, because you are a first-class and practical printer.

Keep out of politics, and don't be led into snares, is the advice of your long-life friend, The Bee, because it has been the downfall of many great men.

CHARLES DEWEY HILLES.

The selection of Charles Dewey Hilles to be Secretary to the President is a selection that will prove as gratifying to the negroes of this country as it will be satisfying to all officials who may have occasion to call at the White House. Mr. Hilles is a perfect type of a perfect gentleman. He is a man of deep sympathies, and one in whose make-up the element of fair-play is a natural attribute. Ever since he has been connected with the Taft Administration he has taken a deep, sincere and kindly interest in the Negro race. He has never lost an opportunity to render the race genuine service. In fact, he has created opportunities to be of service to our race. A more humane, a more genuinely sincere, and a more fair man could not have been

found among all men who might have been eligible for this high, important and confidential position. "Dewey" Hilles, as he is familiarly known to intimates, is the personification of uprightness. Gentle in his treatment of men, he is, nevertheless, frank, honest and considerate of the rights of others. In him the race will have a true friend at court, and his selection, we are sure, will dispel every feeling of anxiety on the part of the race and restore waning confidence to all doubting ones.

The President is to be congratulated upon his wise selection of a secretary, and the ten millions of negroes are to be congratulated on the promise of consideration his selection holds out to them. There is not a negro in this country who has ever come in contact with Mr. Hilles, whether before or since his entrance into official life, but will declare that he is the soul of honor, the acme of fairness, and the typification of genuineness. He is the same to-day as yesterday, and yesterday he was all that has been said of him. Mr. Hilles' selection spells Hope for the negro.

WORKHOUSE DISCRIMINATION.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia may know it, or they may not know it, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the colored prisoners at the District workhouse are driven through the public streets in a wagon to work, while the white prisoners are kept in the background or very seldom seen or exposed to the public. The Bee takes this occasion to call the attention of the District Commissioners to this branch of the public service under their supervision. Why are colored prisoners brought through the streets and exposed to the public while the white prisoners, charged with similar offenses, are hidden from public view? A prisoner is a prisoner, no matter what his color may be.

Some few years ago The Bee called the attention of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to this gross discrimination that existed at the workhouse against the colored prisoners. The then superintendent of the workhouse informed Mr. Macfarland, who had the supervision of the workhouse, that the discrimination complained of by The Bee didn't exist, when, as a matter of fact, that very day colored men could be seen in the workhouse wagons going in the direction of Massachusetts avenue and Eleventh street northwest going to work. Wherever white and colored prisoners are, there you will find discrimination. The Commissioners, The Bee hopes, will see that this discrimination will be looked after.

LEWIS' APPOINTMENT.

The name of Hon. William H. Lewis was sent to the Senate Tuesday, as foreshadowed in this newspaper last week, to be Assistant Attorney General. Every Negro lawyer in this country will thank the President for this appointment for the reason that, in addition to giving high recognition to the race, it is a splendid recognition of Negro lawyers, and will do more than any one thing to elevate Negro lawyers at the bar. It gives the profession, so far as the race is concerned, a standing never before enjoyed. There were a few pessimists who continued to assert that President Taft would never appoint Mr. Lewis to this position. This newspaper never shared in this belief. We have always believed that the President intended to appoint him, but believed he did not care to have the appointment construed merely as a bid for colored votes, but rather as a deserved compliment to the race and to colored lawyers.

In common with all race newspapers and all members of the race who delight in honors bestowed upon the race and high recognition given to the race, we thank President Taft for this appointment, the highest honor ever conferred upon a member of the race by any President.

PLAYING JUDGE.

Referring to the so-called judges of a so-called reform court of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, reminds The Bee of the colored justices of the peace who once held office in this city. There were nine justices of the peace, and so anxious were the colored justices to magnify their office, they had elevated platforms, while the white justices only had a desk upon the floor with no elevated apurtenances. It was amusing to see the colored

justices seated upon an elevated platform dispensing the law and rendering decisions just like a real judge. There were some ambitious men connected with the Odd Fellows who had an idea that a judgeship would dignify their importance, so decided to adopt a law creating a supreme court. Just what law this supreme court will dispense is a question that time alone will decide. Negroes are great imitators, and when a man is original—take Dr. Washington, for instance; Dr. Shepard, Miss Nannie Burroughs, Mrs. Julia Layton and others—you will find the selfish ones condemning them.

When will the negro become original?

MISS MOTEN.

The Bee likes a fighter. It can appreciate a manly man or woman. Hypocrites and backbiters have no standing with The Bee. Miss Lucy Moten, the principal of Normal School No. 2, is woman enough to say what she thinks without fear or favor. She gave her reasons last week why she had not subscribed for The Bee. Her objections were based on the theory that The Bee had unjustly criticised her. The Bee has always had the highest respect for the lady, because she was woman enough to kill the sneaks and hypocrites that were slyly stabbing her.

The Bee is with Miss Moten while she continues to be the woman who is able to defend herself against the scheming of those who have endeavored to defeat her.

The Bee knew that Miss Moten was a good Christian; hence she sends her subscription to The Bee for one year.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

Just why Congress wants to raise the salaries of the District Commissioners and the executive departments wanted to add an additional half hour to the government clerks without additional pay are a few of the political peculiarities of the Government. The rich man wants more money, and the poor man is being reduced. One of the three Commissioners is so rich that he is able to pay handsomely fifteen servants. If a man is that rich, and is able to run several automobiles worth thousands of dollars, why should his salary be raised? There are hundreds of men in this country who are anxious to serve the Government at a salary of \$5,000 per year. The rich man is made richer and the poor man is reduced in salary.

What a great Government this is.

DEAD HEADS.

There were one hundred dead-head subscribers dropped last week and their names posted in this office for non-payment of their subscriptions. The Bee doesn't propose to carry any dead heads on its books, neither for the non-payment of subscriptions nor advertisements. It costs money to run a newspaper, and more especially a paper edited in the interest particularly of colored Americans. Some colored subscribers will not pay, no matter what their occupation may be. Officeholders, with a few exceptions, are the hardest individuals we have to contend with. If you don't want your name placed on the dead-head list and hung up in this office, pay up at once. As fast as the circulation manager gets to the names of the dead heads they are placed on the dead-head list.

KILL THE BEE.

Well, there has sprung up a new Richmond that has been changed, so it informed the insurance office of the District Government, from the organ of an insurance company to an organ for the people. This new-born infant, like all others that suddenly spring out of a shell, intends to clean up the earth for all other papers, The Bee especially. It is instructing its newboys to declare against other papers, The Bee especially. Perhaps the following suggestion may be of some benefit to the new-born baby:

"A man once did sell the lion's skin while the beast still lived, and was killed while hunting him."

DR. SHEPARD IN TENNESSEE.

The Daily Times, of Chattanooga, Tenn., reports the visit of Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., to that place and the impression he made on the people, irrespective of color or politics. The notice in the Times is very complimentary, and shows what level-headed men can do for their people in the South. Both white

and colored preachers praised the address.

CONTINUES TO "APE."

Just as The Bee said a few weeks ago, the negro never does a thing until the white man does something. All of these years the negro dentists never gave it a thought that it would be a nice thing to render free service to poor colored children until the white dentist first inaugurated the scheme. Will the negro ever become original?

The Bee leads and all others follow.

A person or thing abused must be of some importance.

It is generally the envious man who become jealous of his competitor.

A thoroughbred dog seldom barks; it is the poodle that shows himself.

Some negro editors must be heard; and the only way they can be heard is to abuse their successful contemporaries.

If there is an independent order of Odd Fellows, who will be grand master?

If you eliminate politics in the Odd Fellows, and put the money where the grafters cannot reach it, the order will be restored to its former standing.

Wm. E. Chancellor ought to pay this city a visit. He will never forget the sting of The Bee.

A man like Capt. James F. Oyster ought to be appointed Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

If the elective franchise was restored to the people, there is no doubt that Capt. Oyster would be the first governor. He is a man of the people.

When a man's usefulness is at an end, he should retire, for the best interests of the people.

It's a sad reflection upon intelligence when a race journal raises the question of color as between two men of the same race.

When did black become an asset to be reckoned with for favor and mulatto a liability to be reckoned with for disqualification, or vice versa? A negro, be he black, brown, mulatto or white, is still a negro, and the cause of one should be the common cause of all.

The Peter Ogden Day celebration by the Odd Fellows of the District, Wednesday, proved very successful and entertaining. Much of the credit for the success is due W. L. Pollard, D. G. M.

If Canada really means to exclude colored people of the United States from her domain, simply on the ground of their color, what steps will this country take to prevent this violation of treaty?

Some white men, and some white presidents of colored schools, demand that a negro must be a paragon of virtue if he seeks an office or a place on the staff of the school, but will tolerate a white man, even though he be a pariah. There should not be two standards of virtue—one for whites and one for negroes.

A church, a fraternal or beneficial organization should never be relied upon as a stepping-stone to political preferment. When a church is advertised as a pawn for political favor, it constitutes a reflection upon it as a religious institution. When a fraternal or beneficial society is used as a thing to barter for political gain, the principles upon which the society was founded are violated.

Congress defeats Judson. The people are against the Engineer Commissioner.

President Taft ought to take a hand in cleaning out the District Government. Just why competent colored men are not appointed The Bee would like to know.

Senator Lorimer is no more guilty of bribery than those who have accused him. His accusers should take the mote out of their own eyes.

There should be a law enacted by Congress to convict all "stool pigeons" for vagrancy. There are lots of "stool pigeons" in and around the Police Court and po-

lice precincts.

When colored lawyers cease abusing and criticising one another they will succeed. There are some honorable men at the bar.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Last week Mr. C. L. Drum, one of the international secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., spoke very effectively at the Armstrong Manual Training School. Quite a number of outsiders were present. His talk was of much benefit to the students.

Quite a number of Y. M. C. A. men will attend the indoor games at Convention Hall on March 11. Among others will be Mr. William Knowles Cooper, general secretary, and Mr. C. E. Beckett, physical director of the Central Association.

Mr. J. W. Parker, the business manager of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., stopped over in Washington one day last week, and visited our new building on 12th street. He was much pleased with the construction, and expressed his interest in the success of the Washington work.

The Bible Class, at its session Thursday night, elected Mr. E. P. Pinckney, Mr. E. B. Henderson, Mr. Isaac Miller, and Mr. J. W. Williams to represent the Bible Class at the Men's Meeting, March 26th. This meeting will set forth the work of the Bible Class. Professor E. C. Williams, teacher, will have charge of the exercises.

The Membership Committee and the Finance Committee held a joint meeting last week, and decided to enter into a "battle" for the purpose of securing new members. Mr. M. L. Walker will lead one of the armies, and Mr. L. C. Dogans the other. They hope to secure enough members at \$2.00 each to pay off current indebtedness of \$250.00. The first week in April has been set aside for this battle.

Elder Lewis C. Sheafe's address on Sunday captivated the men. He is always a favorite speaker. The solo of Mr. R. G. Doggett was very well received.

On Sunday, March 12th, Judge Norris, of the Department of Justice, will speak upon the subject "The Book of the Nations."

A meeting of the Committee of Management is called for Tuesday night, March 7th.

Over 75 per cent of the \$10,000 subscribed in the last campaign has been paid. The subscriptions remaining unpaid are badly needed at this time, as the rapidly with which the work is moving requires a great deal of money, and the treasury at the present time is very low. It is to the everlasting credit of the colored people of Washington that they have paid since the beginning of the Y. M. C. A. movement up to date \$25,544.65 absolutely cash. It is estimated that about \$2,000.00 of this amount was secured from white people, the balance coming from the pockets of members of the colored race. This is indeed a record of which Washington can well be proud, and will, no doubt, stand for some time before it is surpassed. Now, let the few delinquents remaining pay up promptly.

BAD EFFECT.

Motion Pictures Tempt Children.
Rev. Simon P. W. Drew, pastor of Cosmopolitan Temple Baptist Church, in his sermon yesterday morning, warned the people of his race against the prevalent immorality among children, owing to many temptations in the form of motion pictures and other amusement places. He said there are many children willing to steal large quantities of lead pipe, in order to obtain the necessary admission price to the places.

Mr. Editor: Justice to my people demands my attention, and I thank you for space to defend the young people through the columns of the Negro Defender, to inform the Rev. Dr. Drew, that I do not object to his efforts in trying to plant moral seed in nature's ground in spring time. But I do object to the Doctor's oversight in allowing thorn seed, sown with good seed in prolific soil, that forces the thorns and chokes the good plants.

The Doctor sent a sample of the seed he planted last Sunday to the white man's newspaper, which was readily sown and sprang up with bad effect. A pastor must be careful as to what he sends to the white man's paper. I have resorted to every honorable way to close the five-cent theaters on the Lord's Day, but I have never heard of any child stealing lead pipe to secure admission fee to a moving picture show. If so, I would have published it in a Negro newspaper.

March 1, 1911.

Last Sunday the pastors of the white race made appeals for aid, financial and moral, for the cause of charity, to their congregations.

Rev. John Van Schaick, a member of the advisory board of the Colored Social Settlement in Southwest Washington, has written an appeal to the colored ministers of this city, asking that on next Sunday, March 5, will be known as "Charity Sunday" among our people. That this day will be set apart as a day of prayer for the success of the work of the settlement, a sermon preached, and a collection taken in its behalf.

Each minister is asked to urge his congregation to lend their influence and support to this first colored social settlement in the world.

Let us feel responsible for our own lift our less fortunate brother to the plane on which we dwell.

The Bee as a Forecaster.

When you want reliable news and want to know what is going on in the political world and what is going to happen, have The Bee to come to your house. It is a fireside companion. Don't fail to read The Bee. Everybody should have it. You should not be without it. Don't delay, now is the time.

All honest people take The Bee but you. This is meant for the reader of this paragraph.



Quality is what counts in drugs, medicines and remedies. You get the very highest quality at the fairest price at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street northwest. Hundreds of satisfied customers attest this fact.

Mr. Charles S. Cannon, the colored fireman, of Rochester, N. Y., paid his mother, Mrs. Ellen Cannon, of Garfield, D. C., a visit this week. Mr. Cannon is very popular among his fellow firemen, and is considered one of the best of the fire brigade of that city. The good folks of Garfield were glad to see him again in the home of his boyhood days, and extended him many courtesies.

An excellent program was rendered Sunday afternoon in the Seventh-Day Church. Solos on piano, vocal, piccolo, violin, cornet and mandolin were all well rendered. Mrs. Julia Mason Layton and Mrs. Rhone were among the speakers. This woman's auxiliary, under whom these exercises were held, are securing funds to build on their ground at Fairmount Heights a home for orphans and aged and infirm. They had a large crowd out and a nice little sum was realized toward the building fund. Mrs. Tolson was chairman and Matilda Cook secretary.

Send your society news to the society editor of The Bee not later than Wednesday evening of each week.

Going down town? No; not when I can get the richest and most artistic boxes of fine fresh candies, dainty and lasting perfumery, high-grade post cards, fine cigars and novelties at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th street northwest.

Liberty Baptist Church, Rev. I. Tolliver, D. D., L. L. D., is one of the most progressive churches in the city. At 7 o'clock Sunday evening the Missionary Society held their monthly meeting. A goodly number were present. It was stated that already they have sent off this year \$50 for work in foreign fields, and have almost as much now in bank for the same purpose. Mrs. Julia Mason Layton was the principle speaker. Her subject was "Am I in the Inner Circle?" showing that the Master intends all of his followers to be in that circle. She classed the missionary society as the Inner Circle. An excellent paper on Duty was read by a member of the society. Wholesome advice was given in the short talks of Mrs. Bundy, Holland and Adams, all excellent missionary workers. At 8 o'clock Dr. Tolliver held a special song service for the benefit of the building fund of the Colored Young Woman's Christian Association.

Mr. Joseph W. Piles, of 1449 Q street northwest, has been confined to his residence the past week with rheumatic gout. Mrs. Piles has also been quite indisposed the past week. Miss Camelia Johnson, of Philadelphia, having recently completed a second tour around the world, will probably visit this city during the Lenten season. She will be the guest of Mrs. Annie M. Johnson, 1528 15th street northwest.

After you leave the Chelsea and the Fairland, call by Dr. Morse's and ask for a glass of ice cream soda.

The "Masque-Entertainment" by Mrs. Julia Hannon's group, St. Luke's parish, at Odd Fellows' Hall, last week, was a recherche affair highly enjoyable, and successful in every way.

Miss Chanie Patterson, of 1532 15th street northwest, is improving in health, it is said.

Mrs. Annie M. Cole is visiting her niece, Mrs. George Anderson, of Wilmington, Del. Mr. Anderson is a prominent and successful contractor of that city. Mrs. Cole is one of the most faithful and zealous workers in St. Luke's parish, and her temporary absence from the parish has been widely felt.

The Woman's Guild of St. Luke's P. E. Church reorganized last Wednesday evening, in the parish hall. Mrs. Annie M. Johnson was unanimously elected president. Her prior service as president of the Guild embraced several years.

Bring your job work to The Bee office, or address W. Calvin Chase, Jr., 1109 Eye street N. W., or 1212 Florida avenue N. W.

Miss Willie May Bacon gave a charming party to a number of friends at her home, 1824 E street northwest, Wednesday last, in honor of Mr. Charley Hayes, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is spending a few days in the city enroute to New York. Music and dancing were the chief pleasures of the evening. Refreshments were served in the beautifully decorated dining room. Among those invited to meet Mr. Hayes, were Misses Helen Pitts, Nannie Jones, Lena Smith, Florence Jones, and Messrs. Milton, Bacon, James, Jones, Presley Diggs and John Brown.

Miss Gypsy Taylor, of 1124 18th street northwest, spent the week-end of last week in Baltimore, the guest of Mrs. M. E. Jones, of Presstman street.

Mr. St. Julian Stevens, of the Census Office, this city, spent two days at his home in Richmond, Va., last week.

Mrs. Jessie Pryor, enroute to her home in Jersey City last Monday from Jacksonville, Fla., spent a few hours here.

Ice cream soda is popular the year 'round at the drug store of Board & McGuire on Fourteenth street. The place where everybody meets everybody else.

Mrs. A. M. Rogers, of 1331 Wallace Place, is improving rapidly from the accident that she met with four weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brent are guests at Hotel Maceo, in New York City.

Miss Lennie Jackson, of Harrisburg, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Isadora Letcher, 1835 5th street. Miss Jackson will remain a month.

Mrs. Minnetta Morris returned to this city Sunday evening, after a pleasant stay of ten days in Jersey City with relatives.

Mrs. Nettie Jones and her sister, Miss Florence G. Jackson, gave a birthday party at their parents' home, 746 Harvard street northwest, on Monday evening. All enjoyed the evening with music and games. Covers were laid for the following: Misses Beatrice Logan, Florence Burgess, Beatrice Butler, Alice Jackson, Mary Dixon, Mamie and Julia Jenkins, Bertie Mason, and Jessie C. Mason; Messrs. Fred McKinney, Fevaler Evans, Jesse Warren, Frank Gordon, Nathaniel Wilson, Willard Gowens, Josyce Jefferson, George Mitchell, John B. Walker, George G. Jenkins, Charles Onley, Thomas Vickers and Mr. Richardson.

If you want pure drugs, go to the Gem Drug Store, Dr. J. W. Morse, 1904 L street N. W.

Mrs. Henry D. Mason entertained informally a few friends at dinner on Sunday last.

Mrs. Mabel Lewis returned to her home in Philadelphia Wednesday, after a very pleasant stay of ten days with relatives here.

Mrs. Frances Lyons was guest of honor at a tea given by the Misses Johnson, of South 19th street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Wednesday, February 22.

F. G. Merritt, Misses I. Wormley, R. Williams, E. Williamson, C. Watson, E. V. Campbell, M. E. Janifer, W. F. Hall, M. Wormley, H. I. Ease, Messrs. J. E. Washington and S. D. Matthews. Miss Shorter receives much praise for the work done in the Southwest section.

Rev. W. A. Ray, pastor of Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church, is confined to his home on account of illness.

Miss Macey Lee Crawford, of Aberdeen, Miss., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar A. Ryce, at 2236 11th street northwest. Miss Crawford is one of the best known ladies in Aberdeen, Miss.

Mr. Vernon E. Carroll has been transferred from the Navy Department to the Navy Yard in New York. Mr. Carroll left for New York Tuesday. He leaves many friends here who wish him much success.

Capital City Comedy Co.

The Capital City Comedy Co., in "A Stranded Show," held forth at the Howard this week. The show is an aggregation of local artists. There was some very clever features in the show that elicited applause. Howard Martin is a clever artist, and had he good support the show would rank above the average. Dangerfield and Washington, Misses Bessie Campbell, Alice Crawford, Virgie Bailey, Rena Willis, Jessie Brown sang quite well. "The Bogus Locked Squire." Miss Alice Crawford is a sweet singer but not an actress. She is too stiff. Samuel Richard, as Charley Do-Me-Up, Out-for-the-Money, is not an actor. He didn't play the part of the villain as it should have been played. Morton, as the Bogus Chief, was laughable. Many of the females were awkward in their gestures. They should not double up their fists as if they were entering a prize ring. Miss Hardy, who sang "Sugar Moon," was quite good. Her only fault was her clinched fists. Miss Bessy Harvey, in Veil of Dreams, was enthusiastically accored. Miss Harvey was called three times to the footlights. The Capital City Quartette carried the house. It was repeatedly called to the front until the curtain was forced down. Its songs were up-to-date. The choruses were perfect. The singers were well trained.

Lend a Hand Club.

On Friday, the 17th inst., there was ushered into existence another charitable organization known as the Lend a Hand Club, which is comprised of the wives of the ministers of the several denominations in the District. Its officers are Mrs. I. N. Ross, president; Mrs. C. C. Alleyne, secretary, and Mrs. J. Anderson Taylor, treasurer. The reception was held at 1124 18th Street northwest, the residence of Mrs. Susie A. Fontaine, and was a pronounced success in every respect. Striking features of the interesting program were a bass solo by Dr. O. D. Jones, of St. Luke's choir, a mezzo-soprano solo by Miss Anna Johnston, and a poem on the birth of the organization, written and read by S. A. Fontaine, resulting in the receipt of many encomiums.

Reception to Tanner, the Artist—Distinguished Guests Present.

Mr. Henry O. Tanner, who has won distinction abroad with his paintings, was on a brief visit to Washington last week as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Mary Tanner Mossell, of Brightwood avenue. He was entertained Thursday evening by the Ladies of the Booklovers' Club, of which Mrs. Henry E. Baker is president, at the residence of Mrs. John R. Francis. Mr. Tanner's studio is in Paris, where he has lived for the past twenty years, and his visit to America is for the purpose of directing the exhibition of some of his paintings now in progress in Chicago and other Western cities.

The entertainment in his honor was in recognition by the Booklovers' Club of the marked distinction achieved by the artist in having his pictures placed in some of the best galleries in Europe and America. A brief informal program preceded the general conversation, when the president of the club presented Mr. Tanner in a felicitous speech, and handed him a neatly bound volume of the works of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, as an appreciation by the ladies of the club. Other features of the program were readings by Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, teacher of elocution at the Washington Conservatory of Music, and Miss Edna E. Grey, of St. Paul, Minn., a guest of the club. In his remarks, which immediately followed the program, Mr. Tanner talked entertainingly of his travels in Europe and the Orient, interspersing his remarks with many incidents that brought out in strong contrast the striking differences presented in comparing that far-off land and people with our own. Mr. Tanner's visit to Egypt and the Holy Land was described with interesting particularity and greatly delighted the company.

Refreshments were served in Mrs. Francis' spacious dining room from a table beautifully and appropriately decorated.

The members of the club present to meet Mr. Tanner were Mrs. Bettie G. Francis, Mrs. D. F. Rivers, Mrs. Ida Gibbs Hunt, Mrs. H. E. Baker, Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Mrs. Josephine B. Bruce, Mrs. Rosetta Lawson, Mrs. Lavanna Moss, Miss Marion P. Shadd, and Miss Miekie Cook; and those present as the guests of the club, besides the special guest of honor, were Mrs. Jno. R. Francis, Jr., president of the Junior Booklovers' Club; Miss Evelyn Moss, Miss Edna Grey, Miss Harriette Shadd, Dr. Jno. R. Francis, Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer, Mr. Henry E. Baker, Prof. Geo. Wm. Cook, Mr. Neval Thomas and Mr. Edward Lawson.

Dutch Supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, 909 You street northwest, gave a Dutch Supper at their residence last Saturday evening. It was a unique affair, and everybody present enjoyed themselves. During the supper the time was most enjoyably spent in the discussion of popular topics, to the delight of the guests, and at its conclusion games and music were participated in by those present, as follows: Miss F. M. Dyson, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wittam, Mrs. Hickman, Mr. Hervin, Mrs. Key, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Chase, and others.

Mrs. Layton Honored.

The Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, tendered a farewell to Mrs. Julia Layton, department secretary, Thursday, February 16th, on her retirement from the secretaryship. Mrs. Layton is one of the popular and one of the most useful women in the corps.

Seven Last Words.

"The Seven Last Words," by Mercandante, will be given by the choir

WEST WASHINGTON NOTES.

Rev. D. W. Hayes has arranged for Benevolent Day for his congregation on Sunday, March 5th, with interesting exercises during the day, and at the morning service the choir of the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church will sing. The regular church choir of Mt. Zion will sing for the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church at the 11 o'clock service on the same date.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kent announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Estel Kent, to Mr. Frank R. Peebles, of this city. The happy young couple are receiving many congratulations at their residence, 1340 28th street northwest, where they are temporarily located.

The Women's Day exercises at Mt. Zion M. E. school was unavoidably postponed on Sunday last, but Class No. 3, of which Miss Arabella Beason is the teacher, presented a very interesting program. Miss Margaret Smith read a paper on Frederick Douglass, Miss Fannie Hayes sang a solo "Keep Us, Father," Messrs. C. E. Jackson and Earnest Hayes presided at the organ.

The funeral of Mrs. Lillie Jones Smith, whose sudden death occurred Wednesday, Feb. 22, took place Sunday from Mt. Zion M. E. Church. Many friends of the deceased were in attendance. Mrs. Smith was a member of the choir. Impressive resolutions were read by Mr. Ferdinand Smith, and a solo "Mystic River," by Mr. E. Battles. Rev. D. W. Hayes officiated. Interment, Mt. Zion Cemetery.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NOTES.

The second of a series of sacred musical and literary exercises was held at the Fairmount Heights Presbyterian Church at 3:30 o'clock Sunday, February 26, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Payne.

The program, which was filled for the most part by friends from Washington, was as follows:

Organ Voluntary—Mrs. Isadora C. Coles.

Choir—Selection, Awake the Song. Prayer—Elder Addison.

Choir—Selection, Come Unto He. Duet—Misses Virgie and Ada Williams, Washington, D. C.; "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Solo—Miss Laura Tyler, Washington, D. C., "Open the Gates of the Temple," accompanied by Miss Day.

Address—"Our Future Hope," Miss E. F. Merritt, assistant directress of primary work, public schools, Washington, D. C.

Solo—Mrs. Dr. Armstead, of New York City, "O Rest in the Lord."

Address—Mrs. Jesse Lawson.

Solo—Mrs. W. S. Craul, "Sun of My Soul," accompanied by Miss Howard.

The church was filled to overflowing by a very appreciative audience from the community and acquaintances and friends from the city.

Entertainments of this character will be given on Sunday afternoons during the spring months for the benefit of the church, due notice of which will be published in The Bee.

Preparations for the improvement

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of sidewalks and lights are being made with beginning of spring by the board lately created by the taxpayers of Fairmount Heights, and a mass meeting has been called for a general consideration of the subject on Wednesday night, March 1, 1911.

Lend a Hand Club.

On Friday, the 17th inst., there was ushered into existence another charitable organization known as the Lend a Hand Club, which is comprised of the wives of the ministers of the several denominations in the District. Its officers are Mrs. I. N. Ross, president; Mrs. C. C. Alleyne, secretary, and Mrs. J. Anderson Taylor, treasurer. The reception was held at 1124 18th Street northwest, the residence of Mrs. Susie A. Fontaine, and was a pronounced success in every respect. Striking features of the interesting program were a bass solo by Dr. O. D. Jones, of St. Luke's choir, a mezzo-soprano solo by Miss Anna Johnston, and a poem on the birth of the organization, written and read by S. A. Fontaine, resulting in the receipt of many encomiums.

Reception to Tanner, the Artist—Distinguished Guests Present.

Mr. Henry O. Tanner, who has won distinction abroad with his paintings, was on a brief visit to Washington last week as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Mary Tanner Mossell, of Brightwood avenue. He was entertained Thursday evening by the Ladies of the Booklovers' Club, of which Mrs. Henry E. Baker is president, at the residence of Mrs. John R. Francis. Mr. Tanner's studio is in Paris, where he has lived for the past twenty years, and his visit to America is for the purpose of directing the exhibition of some of his paintings now in progress in Chicago and other Western cities.

The entertainment in his honor was in recognition by the Booklovers' Club of the marked distinction achieved by the artist in having his pictures placed in some of the best galleries in Europe and America. A brief informal program preceded the general conversation, when the president of the club presented Mr. Tanner in a felicitous speech, and handed him a neatly bound volume of the works of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, as an appreciation by the ladies of the club. Other features of the program were readings by Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, teacher of elocution at the Washington Conservatory of Music, and Miss Edna E. Grey, of St. Paul, Minn., a guest of the club. In his remarks, which immediately followed the program, Mr. Tanner talked entertainingly of his travels in Europe and the Orient, interspersing his remarks with many incidents that brought out in strong contrast the striking differences presented in comparing that far-off land and people with our own. Mr. Tanner's visit to Egypt and the Holy Land was described with interesting particularity and greatly delighted the company.

Refreshments were served in Mrs. Francis' spacious dining room from a table beautifully and appropriately decorated.

The members of the club present to meet Mr. Tanner were Mrs. Bettie G. Francis, Mrs. D. F. Rivers, Mrs. Ida Gibbs Hunt, Mrs. H. E. Baker, Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Mrs. Josephine B. Bruce, Mrs. Rosetta Lawson, Mrs. Lavanna Moss, Miss Marion P. Shadd, and Miss Miekie Cook; and those present as the guests of the club, besides the special guest of honor, were Mrs. Jno. R. Francis, Jr., president of the Junior Booklovers' Club; Miss Evelyn Moss, Miss Edna Grey, Miss Harriette Shadd, Dr. Jno. R. Francis, Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer, Mr. Henry E. Baker, Prof. Geo. Wm. Cook, Mr. Neval Thomas and Mr. Edward Lawson.

Dutch Supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, 909 You street northwest, gave a Dutch Supper at their residence last Saturday evening. It was a unique affair, and everybody present enjoyed themselves. During the supper the time was most enjoyably spent in the discussion of popular topics, to the delight of the guests, and at its conclusion games and music were participated in by those present, as follows: Miss F. M. Dyson, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wittam, Mrs. Hickman, Mr. Hervin, Mrs. Key, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Chase, and others.

Mrs. Layton Honored.

The Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, tendered a farewell to Mrs. Julia Layton, department secretary, Thursday, February 16th, on her retirement from the secretaryship. Mrs. Layton is one of the popular and one of the most useful women in the corps.

Seven Last Words.

"The Seven Last Words," by Mercandante, will be given by the choir

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The Theatre for the People

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The Show That Can Always
COME BACK
The SMART SET
—WITH—
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Aida Overton Walker
AND
40 ASSOCIATE 40
PLAYERS
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TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT Y. M. C. A. OFFICE, 12TH & U
Every Seat is reserved: Section A Tickets, \$1.00, Section F, G, & H Tickets, 75c, Section B, C, D & E Tickets, 50c, and General Admission 50c.
15 TRACK EVENTS. HOWARD vs ALPHAS OF N. Y. AT BASKET-BALL. A LARGE ORCHESTRA IN ATTENDANCE

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We make it possible for you to have everything necessary for home comfort AT ONCE.
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Come where you can read every price and do the buying before there's a question about how or when you desire to pay.
PETER GROGAN
and Sons Co.

of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, in the city this week and left for New York Wednesday morning.

Benjamin Gaskins.

Among the progressive members of the local bar is Mr. Benjamin Gaskins. He is the lawyer who knocked out the wife's non-support case in the Juvenile Court. Mr. Gaskins is a native of this city and a man of ability.

XANDERS.

The greatest house in this city and country. Where to purchase the best wines and liquors, the purest in the market, are sold at this old and established house. If you want pure whiskies, wines and cordials, don't fail to go to Xanders, 909 Seventh street northwest.

Dr. J. E. Shepard arrived in the city Wednesday morning from Chattanooga, Tenn., and left for Cleveland, Ohio, over the B. and O. at night.

Bishop Alexander Walters was

NORTH NOT FOR NEGRO.

Borah Says It Plays the Hypocrite on the Race Question—Same Prejudice as in South—Republican Senator from Idaho Declares Race Issue Raised by Root is a "Fake" and "Fraud."

(From the Sun Bureau.)

Washington, Feb. 16.—In a thrilling speech in the Senate to-day a Northern Republican Senator—William E. Borah, of Idaho—made the strongest arraignment of the Republican party on the Negro question that has been heard in the Senate for years.

With a courage and honesty that few of his party associates have shown in dealing with this issue, Senator Borah tore away the mask of pretense with which Northern Republicans have been wont to shield themselves in treating politically with the Negro. His shots on the Negro question came in the course of an agreement favoring the direct election of United States Senators, the fight for which he has brilliantly and boldly led at this session of Congress.

Calls Race Issue a Fake.

Mr. Borah charged the North with moral cowardice and arrant hypocrisy in dealing with the Negro question. He asserted that the South had exhibited no more animosity, no more race prejudice and race hatred toward the Negro than had been, and is, exhibited in the North. He denounced the specious race issue injected into the fight for direct elections by Senator Root and Senator Carter, and asserted that the whole race question raised in the Senate at this time was a fake and a fraud and that, should the pending resolution be defeated, the whole subject would be promptly dropped and no more effort made by the Republican party to secure for the Negro his alleged rights than had been made in the last 40 years.

Says North "Plays the Hypocrite."

"I do not know," said Senator Borah, "how long the North is going to play the hypocrite or the normal coward on this Negro question. It is always assumed, when we come to discuss the Negro question, that there is a superiority of wisdom and of judgment and of virtue and of tolerance in the North, with reference to dealing with that question, than is found in other parts of the country. Call the roll of States in this Senate Chamber where they have a Negro population and present the record with reference to the manner in which the North has dealt with this question and tell me what authority anyone has to stand upon the floor of the Senate and chide any part of this Union as to the manner in which it sees fit to deal with this question."

"The Northern States have exhibited the same animosity, the same race prejudice and race hatred that have been developed in other parts of the Union."

Negro Not Favored in the North.

"We have burned Negroes at the stake. Our Northern lands are cursed with race wars. We push him to the outer edge of the industrial world; we exhibit toward him the same intolerance as they do in other parts of the land, and in the same way. I have not a particle of doubt that if we had to deal with this subject in all its widespread ramifications, as others have to deal with it, judging from what happens in Colorado and in Illinois and in numerous other States in the North, we should exhibit the same qualities and the same weakness and the same intolerance that others have been chided on the floor of the Senate with possessing."

"I want to ask my friends who have raised the question of protecting the Negro of the South and who assert that we have the power under Section 4 to deal with the subject—I want to ask why we do not exercise the power if we have it. We have not only behind us in the Northern States, in proportion to population, the same record, but, in addition to that, we stand before the country declaring that we have the power—constitutional power—to deal with this question, and yet we must admit to every black man in the North and to every black man in the South that we have not had the moral courage to exercise that power."

Denies Power Invoked by Root.

"Speaking for myself, I deny that the power extends where the exigencies of this debate have sent it, and I resent the proposition that for 40 years these alleged wrongs have been committed; that we have had the power to deal with them and have cowardly refused to exercise that power."

"It is a fine situation in which the great Republican party finds itself in this debate. It has been practically asserted upon the floor of the Senate that under Section 4 we can deal with what are called the 'grandfather clauses' of State constitutions. Then the question arises: When are we going to deal with them? It is my deliberate opinion that we have not an iota of power to deal with the question of suffrage of any State in this Union so long as it complies with the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and that can be tested under the provisions of that amendment alone and of itself."

Used as a Political Football.

"The Negro has been used as a political football about as long as our sense of decency and the developing intelligence of the Negro will permit. If we have a constitutional power which may be used to his benefit we ought to use it. If we have no such constitutional power and no wrong is being practiced we ought no longer to mislead him and ought to have courage to state to him some plain and palatable truth. We ought at least to cease this surfeiting the Negro by the soporific application of rhetoric. We ought no longer to put into the Congressional Record and embalm there the tender protesta-

tions given from year to year and campaign to campaign. The colored race has advanced to that point where we may well dispense with this pernicious distribution of political soothing syrup and give him some substantial food in the way of plain facts."

Says White Man Will Rule.

"The Senator from New York said: 'Let the truth be told; let us conceal nothing.' And the truth is that the Negro is beginning to learn his first great and sad lesson in the upward struggle of civilization. He is beginning to realize that the white man, whether North or South, is a member of one and the same race; that in his blood is the virus of dominion, of rule and of power, and while the slave chains have been broken the industrial chains are being forged, and that his race will inevitably wear those chains, unless through self-discipline and self-help and through frugality and industry and patience and long suffering they become strong enough of themselves to reject them. It is a badge of sufferance placed upon them by the inscrutable wisdom of their maker, and it can only be solved through their own efforts, through their own help, and through the sympathy and encouragement of those who have the courage to speak to them as to what their real rights and opportunities are."

What Can Be Done for the Negro.

"We have the power under the Constitution to do just exactly this for the colored man: We have the power to guarantee him the protection of equal laws, to guarantee equality and non-discrimination. That we should do; that we have to do to keep within the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. To do anything more, or attempt to do anything more, would not only be ruinous to the colored man, but it would be demoralizing to the whole political body."

"If the time ever comes when a great political organization takes over to itself and offers a special wardship, a special privilege to millions of voters in consideration of their support of a great political organization, that will be the beginning of corruption."

"We have the power as a people to give all protection to every citizen under the flag, and under the great rule of equality, upon which all republics are founded, all race questions and all rights of citizenship must be worked out to their final conclusions."

"I want to say to the colored men who, over this excitement, have been sending their protests to this body, that when the exigencies of this debate are over and when this resolution has been defeated no measure will be offered in the Senate Chamber to protect any supposed right to the colored men, in whatever part of the country they might live. When the exigencies of this debate are over the question of our power will settle back to where it has been for 40 years, and the exercise of that power will pursue the same channels that it has for the last 40 years. If those who are interested from the standpoint of the race will turn to the settled provisions of the Constitution and to the interpretations placed upon them by the Supreme Court of the United States, a great tribunal that has never trifled with the rights of citizens—they will find the one universal rule of equality, the only rule to be guaranteed to them, the only rule which we can adopt and upon which we can base laws."

CHATS ON MUSIC AND MUSIC STUDY.

(By J. Hillary Taylor.)

Music, Youth and Opportunity.

Youth and opportunity are two factors that are of paramount importance in the life of every man and woman. With youth comes a clear mind, a robust constitution, ambition, courage and the desire to look into things. Opportunity presents itself to the best advantage during the youthful period and it is important that the young have impressed upon their minds, indelibly, the secret of grasping every opportunity of value that presents itself.

One begins to cherish ideals and to work for the accomplishment of certain goals early in life—to be a pianist, a singer, a violinist, a conductor, composer, teacher or whatever the inclination or adaptability may lead one to fancy. The period of youth is the most important one in our lives, and it is here I desire to encourage the earnest student and progressive teacher to make the most of his or her opportunities.

Bach was always on the lookout for opportunities, and he never failed to seize them when they appeared. His walking of hundreds of miles to hear a noted organist or orchestra; his copying of a valuable manuscript of contemporary compositions by moonlight, though it took him six months; his stay "over time" when given a vacation, on a certain occasion, that he might perfect himself more in his art, are all touching examples of how this youth, this genius, was on the lookout for valuable opportunities. We also find this great spirit animating the lives of other great musicians. Handel in the attic, practicing on the harpsichord; then hanging on the coach bound for the palace, again proves his eagerness to seize an opportunity. Bring this lesson home to your hearts, students. How many of you do not have the best of teachers given you; the finest of instruments given you; the greatest pianists, organists, vocalists, violinists, and orchestras to visit your town; and yet how few of you avail yourselves of the valuable opportunity of hearing these artists and organizations perform? Grasp these golden opportunities and seek to get all you possibly can from their exemplary and idealistic performances. Sometimes it only costs a few squares' walk to hear a fine band, orchestra or singer interpret the noblest thoughts genius has given us, and yet we find so few music students there, and when they often listening in a listless, perfunctory manner, hence gain little or nothing from the performance. Let it not be said that you are in this

class. If you truly love music as did little Bach, Mozart, Beethoven or Haydn, then surely it is worth a few sacrifices, and in making the sacrifices remember you are grasping opportunities that may never present themselves again. He who has been stung knows the pain of a sting, and he who has lost a valuable opportunity knows the loss of that opportunity."

A young man wanted to hear a great orator of world-renowned fame, but every time the speaker came to his town the young man was too busy to attend the theater and listen to this great man's eloquence. "Oh! it is time enough," he said to himself. "I will hear at some future time." The orator came and delivered an oration one week in the same town, but before as of old the young man put off hearing him, and on the Monday of the following week, as he read the columns of the evening paper, he was "thunder struck" when he saw the headline, "He Is Dead." "Oh, I have let all those valuable opportunities of hearing this great and eloquent orator slip by, and now he is dead." His smitten conscience replied: "Yea! he is dead, and the opportunity to hear him is lost forever." I therefore plead with you, students, not to postpone the seizing of a good opportunity. "Strike the iron while it is hot." Hold fast to the opportunity when it comes and the reward will be yours.

A little girl once said to me that it was strange I never gave gold medals, as did a certain teacher in my town. I replied, that I did not because I did not believe it was necessary to pay one to study and learn that which they truly loved and desired to become proficient therein." Again, I said, you receive several gold medals each season; as you must look upon the many dollars' tuition your parents pay as gold medals; and that you should grasp this youthful opportunity by doing your very best at all times to be a credit to your parents, teacher and yourself." She calmly smiled and said: "I—I had not thought of it in that light." Now I want every music student who ponders these lines, to take this lesson to heart and see the light before it is extinguished. There are those gold medals—the music journals—which you can purchase for one dollar and a half yearly, that will always yield you interest a thousand fold. Do you subscribe for one? Do you read it diligently, searching carefully for the many choice nuggets that are surely hidden here and there in the folds of these rich mines? If you do not you are losing a valuable opportunity of improving your mind along many lines upon which your teachers are too busy to instruct you.

Then you have those many vents from which to drink the many fine compositions, that are to be discovered in each mine. What a grand opportunity for first sight reading, form, analysis, etc., in both the vocal and instrumental spheres. Then there is also once in a while an extra fine nugget that one should value above the others to the extent of storing it away permanently into their safe, the mind, to be taken therefrom whenever we may desire others to feel the warmth of its fire and the brilliancy of its surface.

"Make it a practice to look into things that surround you, and which you use daily; find out how they are made; induce men to talk to you about the things that they know best; form the habit of studying that which comes in your way. He who forms this habit not only gains the power which knowledge always brings, but also makes himself a very desirable companion."—(Mable.) The habit of looking into things will assist you in deciding upon the value of the opportunities that may come to you. "What is one man's food is another man's poison." Use your brain; your sight, your heart and you will detect many things of value that otherwise would have been undiscovered. Do not allow your teacher to call your attention to that crescendo, bind, fingering, dot, clef or any other sign or word that had you been more observing you would have discovered for yourself. You lose time by such oversights and as you well know, time that is lost is gone forever.

Did you buy that musical dictionary that you might pronounce correctly the many musical terms, the names of composers, operas, etc.? No. Another opportunity overlooked. Students, bestir yourselves and America will eventually awaken to the day and time that we will not only have students but student-scholars; not only observers, but thinkers; and not only lookers-on, but doers.

Does not that statue upon which you are gazing teach you a valuable lesson? There is the sculptor, who has spent years in preparation in order to be able to bring life out of marble. There stands the figure, grand, life-like, massive and commanding; but back of the sculptor's chisel was his brain, of which you have thought little. Did it all appear as by magic, in its completed, magnificent form? No; years seasoned the sculptor's labors; and anxiety, thought, vexations and privations often rent his strong and brave heart. Nevertheless he seized this opportunity and worked upon his creation with high and noble ideals; now victory is his and success has crowned his humble efforts. "Labor has sure reward."

Why are you discouraged because you cannot interpret that Beethoven Sonata? Do you see the analogy? The sculptor labored for years to even become able to begin his statue, then for several years on its final creation and you expect to interpret a great work, written by a great mind, who prepared himself by years, of hard, unrelenting and systematic work, in order that the desired creative light might come to him; you, yes, you expect to play or recreate this work in two weeks—a month.

Not so. You must be patient as was he, industrious as was he, persevering as was he, and the meantime grasp all the opportunities you can of hearing Beethoven's works interpreted and you may hope to eventually succeed and arrive at an ideal interpretation of his sonata. Youth very often knows it all, but age and time contradict her assertions. Youth is eager to rush in, where angels dare not tread, but time

and age will say, "not yet." Opportunity awaits youth, it knocks upon her door, but she hears it not. So it is, we have the would-be pianist, a cobbler; the would-be singer, a blacksmith; and the would-be organist, a miller; all honorable occupations in themselves, but so far removed from the ideals and goals we cherish in our youth of what we would be when time had given us a realization of our cherished hopes. Read between the lines in the book of "Life and Endeavor" and you will see "Lost Opportunities" stamped upon every page.

As a parting word; he is great who would be great, and to be great, good and true, is to do all that will make one great, good and true; this means that when a fine book can be had for the asking, read it; when a great masterpiece can be heard, hear it; when a symphony orchestra comes to your town, make a sacrifice and hear it; when a renowned statue or picture is at the art gallery go and see it. Doing these things you may hope that the muse will grant you your cherished ideals and allow you to reach your desired summit. We usually reap that which we sow; so when we have sown good seed for years, which is the seizing of every good opportunity that comes in our way, our lives will be rewarded, when harvest time comes, by the richness and intrinsic value of the harvest we shall reap.

NO, INDEED!

Is the white race as a whole against the Negro? You may say against the white people of the North and South. All of them are not inimical to the colored people. Just think of it! A judge leaving his bench to come North and canvass for a Negro school without compensation or hope of reward.—The Bee.

Tho some whites are Negro-haters, thank the Lord they are not; There are thousands yet, God bless 'em, whose hearts hold a tender spot For their weaker colored brothers who are struggling on the way, And they'll lend a hand to help us in the fight both night and day; Can we count such friends against us? No indeed!

There are thousands, yea, there are millions, with the grand old royal blood, Who believe in truth and justice, and in everything that's good, Who will do right by the Negro, as a brother, as a friend; Who will help us when in trouble, and in danger will defend. Are those good folks all against us? No indeed!

We are children, yes, just children, as the age of nations go, And we need kind hands to lead us, and to guide us as we grow; There's good white folks who'll assist us in our every time of need, Who will help us clothe our naked, and our hungry ones will feed. Can such good folks be against us? No indeed!

There is not another Lincoln that will make us wholly free, But there's lots of real good white folks, just as good as good can be; While there are many who just hate us, and will always on us frown, Yes, there's some who are always scheming, day and night, to keep us down. But are all white folks against us? No indeed!

Let us then be always grateful, let us then be always true, To our good friends who stand by us, give them all that is their due; Trust in God and He will raise up faithful friends on every hand, He hath said the "meek and lowly shall some day possess the land." JAMES CONWAY JACKSON.

HEAVEN.

In Heaven we'll wear a crown so bright With faithfulness of glorious hue, And gather blossoms of sweetest light From the God of wisdom, loving, true.

Planted by angels, the precious good seed Of friendship, love, and everlasting truth; No rootlets there of sin stinging weeds, That crush the buds of dew-drops and youth.

Morning, noon and eve they ever smile, In the beautiful land so bright and fair; Where loving songs are sung all the while, And gather sweet combs of honey there.

The breezes of Heaven continuously blow, Giving fragrance of glory and joyous hue; Bright angels' hands on harp music flow, And flowers of beauty on others grow.

When the blossoms fall on each soul That springs up with lasting love anew, Inspiring faith and tender love, Hope of gladness and hearts that's true.

Gabriel's blow will form a wreath, And bind the hearts of all the good; The angelic songs with softest breath, Will wait them to their living God. L. C. MOORE.

802 F Street N. W.

GREAT WORK OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

Distribution of Prizes.

Hampton, Va., Feb. 10.—The annual two-day session of the Hampton Institute Farmers' Conference, including a remarkably fine exhibition of Negro farmers' home and field products, directed by Charles K. Graham and Roy R. Clark, of the Hampton Agricultural Department, brought together in most helpful relation some 500 white and colored men, who are daily improving home, farm, school and community life throughout the South.

About \$200 were distributed among Negro adults and children for prize exhibits of corn and cereals, vegetables, canned and preserved fruits, domestic arts and science goods and public school manual training. John B. Pierce, Wellville, Va., a

Hampton graduate who has been most helpful to Virginia Negro farmers as a demonstration agent, delivered a forceful, Christian, commonsense plea for improving the country schools and homes. He urged the Hampton students to make unusual sacrifice for their race.

Hon. William H. Mann, the agricultural Governor of Virginia; Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, Washington, D. C., the master spirit of the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Farm Work; Prof. William D. Hurd, the Director of extension work at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.; Dr. Nelson A. Mayo, the well-known veterinarian of Blacksburg, Va.; T. O. Sandy, Burkeville, Va., State Agent of the U. S. Department of Agriculture—these men spoke words of hope and wisdom.

Members of the Hampton Agricultural Department delivered helpful and practical addresses on "Potato raising," "Fertilizers," "Hog diseases," "Poultry production," "Flies and mosquitoes," and "Bee culture."

Gov. Mann said: "We have in Virginia 25,612,000 acres of land. We are cultivating less than 4,000,000. We have not enough people in Virginia—only 2,061,000. If we had as many people in proportion as Massachusetts—12,000,000—Virginia would be the Empire State of the Union."

"If the farmers of Virginia averaged 6134 bushels of corn to the acre, as did the boys who undertook the demonstration work for 1910, Virginia alone would produce annually 150,000,000 bushels of corn."

Dr. Knapp declared that the United States' losses every year two billion dollars through losses by agricultural shortcomings that can be remedied. The demonstration work—corn clubs for boys and canning and poultry clubs for girls—has increased the people's earning power and made them better citizens.

Prof. Hurd spoke on "Transition in agriculture" and "Corn production." He advocated deep-soil preparation and shallow cultivation for corn.

Thomas C. Walker, Gloucester, Va., a Hampton graduate and lawyer-farmer, who has helped his people buy and improve land, urged the farmers to secure property while they have the opportunity.

Hampton Institute is making possible the extension of Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong's ideas through its annual Farmers' Conference.

SET FUDGE ON HIGH

THE STANDARD OF CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN SET.

Femininity in Absolute Accord on the Subject—Inventor Merits More Approval Than She Has Yet Been Accorded.

At last a standard of civilization—of feminine civilization—has been set, according to the Cleveland Leader. The masculine one has not as yet been reached, and the difficulty of arriving at a general standard is at once apparent.

With femininity, however, there was little or no trouble. The sex unites upon a single test. That made, the examination is passed with honors.

The case of the Misses Chang, whose father is the new Chinese minister to the United States, is a most pertinent illustration. According to their government, who has had a wide experience with outside barbarians, these young Chinese girls are the most intelligent students of English she has ever known and are showing marvelous results. Most significant of all, they have not only fallen a victim to fudge, but they are experts in its manufacture.

Nothing more is needed to admit them to equality, social, moral, religious and intellectual, with the girls of this nation. They have become Americanized in the biggest sense of the word. And they will stand in the very first rank of feminine civilization, because the records show that they make fudge three times a day, and only heaven knows how often they nibble at it.

It doesn't need this celestial approval to show the heavenly qualities of fudge. It is the most popular course in every feminine boarding school or college, and while not officially recognized in the curricula of public schools, it is there just the same.

History knows that Dolly Madison invented ice cream, and a grateful world talks of raising a statue to her. But all that is known of the discoverer of fudge is the slight fact that she was a Vassar college girl and that she hit upon the delicious compound, like so many other inventions of great moment to the world have been made, in a casual way.

From another point of view her discovery is unique. Improvements have followed upon other inventions; the basic idea has been expanded and developed. But the original fudge is still the best of all, though there have been countless variants of it.

To a mere man it seems that there is an unconscious ingratitude on the part of fudge lovers, not at all consistent with the big-hearted appreciation we expect from the sex. If there should be concerted action to discover the girl who invented the delicacy, and to reward her as she deserves, it would be better than a number of the other plans which women are agitating.

And as a slight beginning, as an earnest of the reverence womankind should feel for fudge and its inventor, we would suggest that the exclamation: "Oh, fudge!" so common among co-eds, be dropped altogether or robbed of its sneering irreverence. After that, the pension for the discovery and then a statue.

HIS CONTRIBUTION

By MARTHA HOTCHKISS

Mr. Keating was a young man who had a natural gift as a financial operator. Only twenty-six years old, he had carried through several deals in stocks. He had met Miss Ethel Lamb, who was quite willing to marry him. Not that he had asked her, for he had not; he wished to get himself in better financial shape before doing so.

"Mr. Keating," she said to him one evening, "I am so anxious to make a little money. I want it for a certain purpose. It's something I can't tell you about, for I have promised not to tell any one. You see, there are several of us interested in it, and I would not be justified in telling their secret."

"Certainly not. Some social move, I suppose?"

"No, it's not social."

"Oh, you are going in for some of these fads the rich women are taking up—woman voting, helping women operatives who strike or something of that kind?"

"Nothing of the sort. I see you have got a wrong impression entirely, so I'll have to tell you."

And she did. They were going to endow a colored church.

"That's a laudable object, and I'd be very mean not to help you. Would a hundred dollars do?"

"We wish to make ten thousand. Now, it seems to me that if you would give us a—what do you call it?"

"A tip?"

"Yes; a tip when some stock you are going to make money in is going up, so that we can buy some of it. We can make all we want."

"In one fell swoop."

"Yes, that's it. Without having to beg it in little lots, get up fair and all that sort of thing."

"Very well. I'm thinking of a little scheme now. If it comes to anything I'll let you know."

Not long after that Mr. Keating called on Miss Lamb and asked if he could speak to her without being overheard. She shut all the doors, and he said to her in a low tone:

"If I give you a tip will you be sure not to tell any one?"

"Certainly."

"Well, buy Jimberjaw Lead. You'll make your \$10,000. But if you should lose I'll stand your loss myself."

Miss Ethel Lamb thanked her informant, though she said it wouldn't be quite fair for him to stand any loss. Still, since there wouldn't be any loss there wouldn't be anything for him to stand.

The next day she went to a friend who was a stockbroker and told him that she had received a tip on Jimberjaw Lead and asked him to buy some of the stock for her. She had no money to put up for a margin, but he told her that if she would convince him that the tip was reliable he would buy some stock for her without any margin.

Miss Lamb remembered her promise, but, considering the cause she was working for warranted her breaking it, concluded to tell him provided he would promise solemnly not to tell a single person. He promised, and she told him that the tip had come from Mr. Keating.

He opened his eyes, but said nothing, and the next morning she received a notice of the purchase of 500 shares of Jimberjaw Lead. As soon as she had left the office the broker told his partners that Keating had tipped a lady he (the broker) happened to know. Keating was attentive to that there was to be a movement in Jimberjaw Lead. This was done in the private office, where no one except the members of the firm could hear.

A number of customers doing business with the firm were quickly advised to buy a little of the stock without having been given the source from which the information about it came. But the clerks, seeing large orders for the shares going into the exchange, took fliers and confidentially told the clerks of other offices.

Very soon the price of Jimberjaw Lead began to rise, at first slowly, but in time rapidly. Then it began to jump. One morning Miss Lamb was informed by her broker that she had a profit of \$8,000. Would she sell? She said she would like first to ask her tipster. She telephoned Keating for information, who told her to hold on and she would surely make her \$10,000. This information she communicated to her brokers, and it radiated in many directions.

There were large sales of Jimberjaw Lead for a few days, the stock gaining and losing in price alternately; then it began to go down. Suddenly a large lot was dropped on the market, and Miss Lamb's profit was wiped out. From that time forward it sank slowly until she had lost some \$8,000.

She sent for Mr. Keating.

"What shall I do?" she moaned.

"I've lost money I can't pay."

"Didn't I tell you I would stand your loss?"

"Yes, but I don't like to have you do that. Besides, the church?"

"I'll take care of the church."

This somewhat reassured her.

"I am abundantly able to give \$10,000 to your church project since I have sold out shares that have been on my hands for two years at a handsome profit. You enabled me to do so."

"I How?"

"By confiding my secret to another."

"You wretch!"

"I forgive you on one condition—that you help me to spend the profits as my wife."

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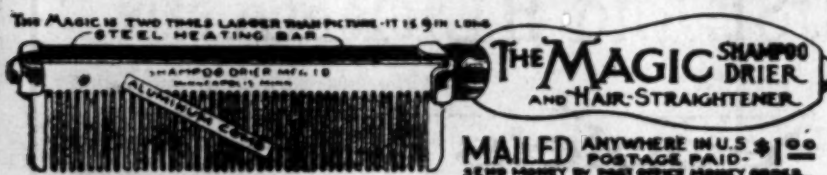
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A WINTER ROMANCE

By M. QUAD

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Jed Smith was a farmer's son twenty years old. He was uneducated, uncouth and awkward, but he had romance in his soul. He fell in love with the new schoolma'am at once, and as he was the biggest of the boys and could lick any one of them he felt that he had the best chance. He was going to marry Miss Seymour or know the reason why. When he began to betray signs of his love his father took him out to the barn and turned on him to say:

"Now, Jed Smith, don't you go and make no ding dang fool of yourself."

It was plain, sensible talk, but Jed wouldn't take it that way. He was a poor reader, but he had digested so many love novels that he wasn't going to let go without a try for it. He had drawn the schoolma'am on his hand, and he had skated with her. They had slid down hill together, he had brought her the biggest apples of any one, but there was really nothing in these things to arouse her romance, and he realized that romance must come before love. After thinking over it for ten long nights and losing hours of sleep he got his plan. The schoolma'am must be abducted and he must rescue her. At first the trouble seemed to be to find the abductor, but Jed Smith had a way with him. Having got the next biggest boy in the district out to the barn with him, he unfolded his plan and added:

"Jim, you've got to bear the schoolma'am away, and I've got to rescue her. You've got to turn your coat wrong side out and wear a mask and speak in a hoarse voice. In rescuing her I've got to give you a mighty good licking, but as I am going to give you 50 cents you mustn't mind that."

Jim demurred. He didn't want to abduct a schoolma'am, and he didn't want to be licked. He came to it in time, however. Fifty cents in cash was not to be sneezed at, and he would be licked if he refused to enter into the plot. It took some little time to perfect the details, but at last everything was ready. Jed's old father saw fresh "signs," and he took him to task again.

"Jed," he said, "if you are going to make a fool of yourself in any way, then look out for me!"

In winter, especially on a cloudy day, it begins to get dark soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The schoolma'am had often to stay after school had been dismissed to look over the work for the next day. She had only half a mile to go when ready. Sometimes two or three pupils stayed and walked along with her; sometimes she was alone. Luck aided the conspirators. It was young Jim Andrews who was to do the abducting part. His father's barn was near the schoolhouse, and he could both watch and have a horse ready harnessed. Jed Smith was to be waiting up the road.

One afternoon the signal was given, and the plot was afoot. The teacher had remained until almost 5. She was just donning cloak and hat when a masked villain appeared before her and announced in an awful voice:

"Come with me! If you scream or struggle it means death!"

Miss Seymour was properly shocked. She had never seen a masked villain before. No man, holding a peach stone in his mouth to make his voice terrible, had ever thus addressed her. She thought she recognized the figure, and there was a something about the terrible voice that sounded familiar, but she grew faint, her knees weakened, and she was about to sit down when the villain seized her with a grip of steel and bore her out to his sleigh. She screamed and struggled, but she had to go. Jed Smith had said that it would be all the better for the plot if she screamed and struggled. More credit would be due him for rescuing her.

What neither of the plotters had counted on was that some one might come driving along the highway at the critical moment. Some one did come. He was a man without romance in his soul. He was driving a fast horse to a cutter, and when the masked man swung the schoolma'am into his sleigh and started off at a gallop the stranger followed on and cracked his whip and shouted to let the girl know that help was at hand. She heard him, and so did Jim and his horse. In fact, the horse ran away, and just as he reached the point where the rescuer stood waiting he slid into a drift and things were upset. Jed jumped forward, but he had scarcely roared out, "Die, villain!" when he was knocked silly by the stranger. Then the struggling Jim caught it. The schoolma'am was pulled out of the robes and blankets and stood one side, and then her rescuer went in to have some fun with abductor and rescuer.

He stood them on their heads in the drifts; he jammed them about; he walloped them up and down, and when they shouted for mercy he walloped the harder. Then, when tired out, he lifted the girl into his cutter and drove her home. It did not break up the school; it simply broke up the romance of the thing. When Farmer Smith had got through using the gad on the battered Jed he threw it aside and said:

"You was after romance, and I'll give you nuff of it. There's 200 bushels of corn to be husked and shelled, and it's going to be your work from now on to next Fourth of July. Rescuing a gal! Why, durn you, you don't know nuff to rescue an old cabbage head!"

A Vision

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Are you ill, sir?"
I looked up dazed. I made no reply, for I was engaged in getting my bearings.

"This is the Tower?" I asked presently.

"Yes, sir."

I was sitting on a bench in an open court in the Tower of London. Before me was a piece of pavement different from the rest, some fifteen or twenty feet square and in its center a plate on which was an inscription. I remembered being the evening before in the quarters of one of the Tower officials, and that was all. How I came to be seated on the bench in the early morning I have never to this day fully determined. At 11 I had started for my lodgings in Oxford street, but I could not remember going there. One of the Tower attendants, commonly called "beefeaters," had roused me.

If how I came to be there is a mystery, what I saw there is a still greater one. I had been sitting a long while. Of that I was fully conscious. Whether it was night or day I have no recollection, but the scene I witnessed seems to me to have been enacted in the day. My first remembrance is hearing shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!" but they seemed to come from without the inclosure. Within a few persons hurried by silently, as if in preparation for some momentous event. They were all serious, and one or two of them were in tears.

Then I was conscious of a number of persons sitting with me about the square bit of pavement, though the seats on which they sat were of rough bewn wood. The men wore trunks, hose, doublets and hats decorated with feathers, the women stomachers and large ruffled collars. Covering the square place on the pavement I have mentioned was a platform on which rested a rectangular block of wood about two feet high and hollowed at the top on both sides. Beside it, leaning on a huge ax, was a tall figure in tight fitting costume. Those about the platform, which was plainly a scaffold, wore serious countenances. Without the Tower inclosure I heard sounds indicating commotion: "The duke's flashed; death to all traitors!" A man sitting next me whispered to another, "It's all over up on the hill."

A horror crept over me. I would gladly have gone away, but had no power to move. Looking down toward the other end of the court where there were buildings for dwelling purposes, I saw a lovely apparition at a window, a young girl apparently from seventeen to twenty years old. At the same time I heard the rumbling of a cart. Two young girls attendant on the one at the window tried to draw her away, but she would not go.

"It is the body of her husband," I heard some one say. "He's been executed on Tower hill."

When the cart had passed there was an interval that my memory fails to fill, but the next scene was the opening of the door under the window at which the young lady had appeared, and she came out with an officer, attended by the two girls I had seen with her and a priest. She came toward the scaffold reading from a book and praying. When she reached the scaffold she ascended the steps with as much composure as if she were going to her chamber and stood waiting for silence. When it came she spoke to the people, but I have no remembrance of what she said. There she knelt, prayed and asked permission of the priest to say a psalm.

These religious features ended, she took off her gloves and her kerchief, which she handed to one of her maids, and loosened her gown. The executioner knelt before her and asked forgiveness for what he was about to do. The girl then tied a handkerchief over her eyes with her own hands. Groping for the block, she asked, "Where is it?" Guided to it, she knelt and laid her neck on it, saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" The last I remember was the ax swinging over her.

"Have you been sitting here all night, sir?" asked the attendant.

"I don't know. I have a vague recollection gradually coming back to me of having followed last night when I started to go home a figure dressed in singular costume."

At that moment my eyes rested on the plate in the center of the marked square. I saw the name Lady Jane Grey. I read that she, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were all executed there. My horror of the night before returned. I rose and was staggering away when the attendant, putting his arm through mine, assisted me, taking me to the gate and calling a cab for me. I was driven to my lodgings and did not leave them for a fortnight.

When I got out I had a longing to know something of Lady Jane Grey, but dreaded to bring back my experience of that gruesome night. After a few months had passed I mustered courage to read her life. I found events attending her execution the same as I witnessed in my vision, my dream or whatever it was. Those who attended her at her death have testified to her serenity.

Years afterward in a gallery of a noble family of England I saw a portrait of Lady Jane Grey's husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. He was the man who led me to the place of the scaffold.

A Pardon

By HARRY VON AMBERG

"You, boy! Come out o' that and help bring on the wood."

So called the mate of a steamboat on the Mississippi to a pale faced boy lying in his bunk. It was at night, and the weather was stormy.

"I can't; I'm sick."

"You hain't goin' to work yer passage on this yere boat sojourn there. Git up, I say, and carry your load."

The boy made a feeble attempt to rise, but failed. The mate seized a stick of wood and held it over the invalid.

"You git up or I'll brain you!"
Fear gave the boy additional strength, and he managed to pull himself out and stagger over the gang plank to a wood pile which the deck hands were transferring to the boat. He worked as best he could till the task was finished, then crawled back to his bunk and fell fainting in it.

This boy, Robert Stewart, was so poor that in order to get from New Orleans to St. Louis he was obliged to work his passage on a steamboat. The mate was a powerful man, and the boy, who was ill with a fever, was completely at his mercy. What made the act still more brutal was that there were plenty of deck hands to do the work without calling out a sick boy. There was something fiendish in the mate's nature that led him to this act of cruelty.

Years passed meanwhile. That sick boy was moving in one direction, while the mate who had tyrannized over him and had nearly cost him his life was moving in another. The one was rising, the other sinking. Schooled in adversity, Robert Stewart possessed that within him which enabled him to triumph over obstacles, the hardships he had endured furnishing a spur to send him onward and upward. Successful in his own affairs, the people trusted him with theirs. In time his name became known to every one in Missouri. He rose to be governor.

One day a man was brought to the governor from the penitentiary as an applicant for pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and the moment the governor looked at him he started. Then he scrutinized the criminal long and closely. Without speaking he turned to his desk, picked up the paper on which the man's pardon had been made out and wrote his name at the bottom of it. Before handing it to the prisoner he said to him:

"I fear it will be useless, perhaps wrong, for me to grant you this pardon."

The man stood stolidly waiting to know the governor's reason.

"You will commit some other crime and be sent to the penitentiary again."

"No, governor; I promise you that I will not."

The governor looked doubtful. He was apparently turning something over in his mind. Finally he said:

"You will go back on to the river—as mate on a steamer, I suppose."

"Yes, governor; I'll go back to work at any position I can get."

"Well," the governor continued, "before I pardon you I wish you to make me a promise."

The man looked interested and waited. The chief magistrate was in no hurry. The mass of business awaiting his attention was forgotten in this pardon case. There must be something in it to move him so strangely. For a few minutes there was a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be picturing something. That it was a painful scene was evident from his expression. Then he turned to the criminal and said impressively:

"I wish you to pledge your word that when you go back to the river as mate on a steamboat you will never drive a sick boy from his bunk to load your boat on a stormy night."

The criminal looked at the governor in a vain attempt to understand why he imposed upon him such a singular condition. Then he made the required promise, asking at the same time for an explanation. Finally the governor gave it:

"One night many years ago you were mate of a steamboat running between New Orleans and St. Louis. On that boat was a boy sick with a fever. One night when the wind blew cold and the rain came down in torrents you drove that boy out of his bunk and forced him to carry wood."

"Now, there are two reasons why I don't wish you to do that again. The first is that I desire any boy you might so treat to escape your cruelty. Another time it might cost him his life. The second is that he might become governor of his state and you might commit another crime and come before him with an application for pardon."

The man stood looking at the governor, a faint glimmer of memory struggling in his brain. But with a life of so many brutal acts behind him it was hard for him to remember one which at the time he had considered of so little importance.

The governor handed him his pardon. "I was that boy," he said. "That document is my revenge. But another time the governor's revenge might be of a different kind. The pardoning power is lodged in the chief magistrate alone, and another governor might see fit to refuse clemency. Go! Try to earn an honest living without brutality."

The criminal slunk away, but whether or not the lesson had any effect on him there is no available record.

TWIN SPIRITS

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

He was a genius—a genius of the brush. When at his easel he was completely absorbed. At such time no one could secure his attention. His luncheon was brought in every day and set down beside him; but, although the servant was instructed to call his attention to it, he seldom knew that it was there. Often after he had finished his work for the day he would feel faint for want of food. Then he would arise to get some and frequently knocked over the stool on which his lunch had been placed and broke the dishes.

She was a poetess. She had had a lover; but, finding that she didn't feel those heavenly thrills of which she had written of people in such condition, she had broken off her engagement with him. She had seen the artist's pictures and was sure she loved the man who painted them. She burned to know him and asked every friend she possessed to introduce her. But none of them was acquainted with him.

But her yearning for him would not down. She resolved to visit him in his studio. A friend to whom she had given her confidence advised her to "brush up a bit," leave off her black alpaca and put on silk. But the recommendation did not impress her. Love was a matter of the soul; it had nothing to do with clothes, whereupon her friend admonished her to wear something pretty all the same.

She went to his studio, climbed several flights of stairs—she was delicate, and the effort made her heart throb violently—and tapped softly at the door. There was no response. No sound came from within. She tried the doorknob, turning it gently, then pushed the door slightly ajar. He was there. He sat at his easel before a canvas on which were a divine face and figure. The latch slipped back, making a sound. She started, thinking it would betray her. No; he went on painting. What a noble brow! His tumbled hair—it was thin—crowned the crown of his august head.

What should she do? Should she break the spell under which he worked by speaking? No; there was a chair near by. She would go and sit upon it till he came to himself or from himself. So she went softly to the chair, keeping her eyes upon him the while, and sat down.

Alas, she sat upon a palette—a palette on which were soft paints of many bright colors!

She sat looking at him, yearning for him. Presently he looked aside from his work and straight at her. Through his eyes looked a great spirit. But they did not see her; they were as those of a somnambulist. He turned his gaze back to his easel.

For another half hour he worked. She would no sooner drag him down from his idea flight than she pulled down herself when a poem was welling up in her own heart.

Presently she arose to go. She had seen him. Her soul had caressed his. It was enough.

But unfortunately something fell on the floor.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been waiting for you. I must put in the eyes." Then, without waiting, he went on: "A little closer, please. There, face the light."

At the same time he turned and looked into her eyes. He thought she was his model. But she did not know it. She thought that his lofty intellect had stalked over the gap of a want of acquaintance.

Then he began to paint, putting her own dark, poetic eyes into the head on the canvas, turning often to look into those of flesh and blood. In her poetic imagination she fancied that he was taking, spiritually, her eyes from her body and placing them in the head of an angel.

At last the work was finished. He arose, stood at a short distance from it, viewed it critically, made a few touches, threw down his brush, put his hand in his pocket, fished out a plug of black tobacco and bit off a quid.

As her romance, pierced to the heart, died within her she gave a little cry. He turned and looked at her through eyes from which the light of Genius Creatrix had gone out and saw her as she was, a lean, homely old maid with handsome eyes.

"Who in thunder are you?" he blurted.

Poor woman! Had the romance remained it would have been quite embarrassing enough, but it had vanished with the appearance of the tobacco. What to say she did not know. There was but one thing for her to do—leave the studio. She slunk toward the door. He followed her with his eyes.

"Stop!" he said suddenly, making a few quick strides toward her. Was he going to break even the fragments of the idol she had raised and how? He seized her skirt—that part of it which hung in rear—and, spreading it out, exclaimed:

"Great Scott!"

"What is it?" she asked, not being able to see behind her.

"You've been sitting on my palette!" he said, surveying the wreck of her dress ruefully. The dress was a confusion of vermilion, prussian blue, chrome yellow, violet and other colors. Then, telling her to wait, he rushed for turpentine and other articles and in a quarter of an hour had got off the most of the paint. As she passed out he said:

"Thank you for the use of your eyes."



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Miss A. L. T. Waytis, of New York, the only Negro woman who ever secured a scholarship by the Moody Bible Institute, of Chicago, Ill., and ex-principal of the Bible Summer School, New York City, and a national lecturer, made a great speech at the Baptist ministers' conference at the Walker Memorial Baptist Church, Monday, 1 P. M. She is

one of the most charming and entertaining speakers of this country, without regard to race or color. As a Bible worker she has few equals and no superiors. She is pleasing and entertaining in her manner, and very attractive in appearance. She delivered a forcible address at the Campbell Memorial H. M. E. Anacostia Church Sunday night, of which Dr. Beckett is pastor. She will be heard at some of the prominent churches in the city before leaving Washington. She is the guest of Dr. S. S. Thompson, 952 R street northwest.

W. L. POLLARD, Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, holding Probate Court. No. 17797, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia letters of administration on the estate of Annie T. Brown, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber on or before the 20th day of February, A. D. 1912; otherwise, they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of February, 1911. SAMUEL BROWN, 1209 S street northwest. Attest: (Seal.) JAMES TANNER, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. WM. L. POLLARD, Attorney.

FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Of Rising Sun Lodge, No. 1365, G. U. O. of O. F.

The Rising Sun Lodge, No. 1365, G. U. O. of O. F., will celebrate its forty-third anniversary at Zion Baptist Church, F street, between 3d and 4th streets northwest, tomorrow at 8 o'clock. P. M. Rev. W. J. Howard will preach the anniversary sermon, and Past District Grand Master W. C. Martin will act as master of ceremonies. The members of the order will assemble in the basement of the church at 7 o'clock P. M., and file into the main auditorium of the church at 7:45.

Among the fraternal organizations which have accepted invitations to attend the anniversary in a body is the now famous Odd Fellows' Marching Club of the District, which was declared to be the finest body of men in the grand parade at the Baltimore B. M. C., September last. The officers of the club are: J. D. Reynolds, president; J. M. Frierson, vice president; J. H. Coleman, financial secretary; George Walton, corresponding secretary; E. Whitley, treasurer; Andrew Johnson, chaplain; R. L. Brown, sergeant-at-arms; F. H. Hawkins, assistant sergeant-at-arms. Executive Committee: W. C. Martin, chairman; R. L. Boston, secretary; J. E. Pollard, Geo. B. Lucas, John Armistead.

The Rising Sun Lodge has the largest membership of any lodge in this jurisdiction, and is one of the most progressive in the order in America.

THE MEET ALL READY.

Everything is getting in shape for the big indoor meet on the 11th of March. Grade school athletes are making the streets about town near school buildings take the appearance of running tracks at certain periods of the day. Track captains are elected, and elimination trials are being held to decide upon representatives for the meet. For every boy entering the event it is safe to say that one hundred boys will have done some training and learned some athletic form. Now that basket ball season is closing, track work is claiming the full attention of most schools. Division games committees in two divisions are meeting the aspiring track candidates at convenient playgrounds and are teaching them form.

To further interest in the contests the firm of Castleberg's jewelry store has offered a handsome silver loving cup to be awarded annually to the grade school of the P. S. A. L. gaining the majority of points in indoor competition.

Only three events are open to the grade school athletes, which will make very keen competition. They are a fifty-yard dash for boys under 120 pounds, and two relay teams whose members are less than 95 pounds in weight, and teams of runners of unlimited weight. All school athletes must be entered by March 2d.

As an added feature to the interest of the occasion, the management of the I. S. A. A., P. S. A. L. games has made arrangements with four of the crack clubs of New York City to bring down a relay team composed of the best relay runners in each club to represent New York in a match one mile

relay with Howard University and a Washington City relay. Coach Marshall, of Howard University, has a large squad out for training. Manager Gowens and Captain Quarles of the University track team promises a record breaking squad for this occasion, and expect to take away a majority of prizes. Entries close this week, and all expectant athletes are warned to be on time. Manager K. B. Henderson, of M Street High School, has entry blanks and information for athletes.

Those who attend the indoor games will see one of the best basket ball games ever played by colored teams. Pitted against each other will be quints representing Howard University and the Alpha Physical Culture Club of New York City. Howard's five has defeated three of the best fives in the East, and has now but to defeat the Alpha five to be styled Eastern Champions. New York teams are accustomed to playing on full sized courts and are usually handicapped in play here, but on this occasion the floor is ideal in proportions and entirely neutral to both teams. The Alphas have lost only one game this season, that to the 1910 champion Y. M. C. A. team, which lost not one game of all played, but has since disbanded. The New York boys have defeated all of the crack colored organizations and many of the local New York A. A. U. teams. The game will take place right after the dash events are off the program, and will be followed by the quarter-mile, mile, and relay teams.

FREE SERVICE BY DENTISTS.

Members of Profession Will Treat School Children.

Dentists of the colored race, composing the Robert T. Freeman Dental Society, have fallen into line with those professional associates of the white race who have agreed to devote part of their time and service to gratuitous treatment of the teeth of poor children.

A pledge to devote at least two hours in every month to this work was taken by members of the society at its meeting Sunday, February 26, held in the office of Dr. G. H. Butler, secretary. The free service will be given at the offices of the dentists, upon the recommendation of a dental inspector of the colored public schools.

The society is composed of the leading colored dentists of Washington. The organization conducted an examination of the mouths and teeth of nearly 1,000 colored school children some months ago, with the result that 92 per cent were found to need medical attention.

The following members approved of the free service plan: Drs. S. A. Gray, G. H. Butler, A. J. Gwathney, S. A. Fraser, C. S. Wormley, W. S. Lofton, A. E. Gaskins, J. R. Francis, Jr., R. C. Wormley, L. B. Freeman, F. P. Barrier, P. Tancil, J. B. Cherry, D. B. Boyd, R. G. Walker, W. E. Hamilton, A. Russell and C. C. Fry.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

I was riding in a New Jersey avenue car last Sunday evening, and I was surprised on entering to hear three colored individuals discussing Odd Fellow matters, and the name of Dr. Renfro. The discussion was not very complimentary, but what it was about I could not ascertain, although they talked loud enough to be heard throughout the car. Well, last Monday evening, the ex-Grand Master, Houston, was on an Eleventh street car, talking to an old Odd Fellow, and I heard the name of Dr. Renfro again. The man who was talking to friend Houston was an old timer in the order, and he was telling the ex-Grand Master something about Renfro and my friend Pollard. I heard him tell the Grand Master that Pollard was taking more interest in the order than he used to. Pollard and Renfro must be big ikes in the secret order.

You have no idea what fun I am having now. I am talking life easy. I attended the Juvenile Court Monday and saw Attorney R. W. Scott prosecuting Undertaker Grayson and Attorney Waring defending him. Mr. Grayson was charged with non-support of his infant child by wife No. 1, who came to this city and caused his arrest for non-support of his child.

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The testimony developed that Mr. Grayson had a living wife and child residing in New York City, to whom he had been married and by whom he had a child. The court insisted on hearing the story about the first wife, to ascertain where his money was going. Attorney Waring made a strong defense for Mr. Grayson, but all without success. At the conclusion of the testimony of wife No. 1, Mr. Grayson took the stand and testified that he was married to wife No. 1, and that the child in question was his, and that he had never been divorced from wife No. 1. The court reprimanded Grayson severely for his conduct, and imposed a fine of \$300, and in default six months in the workhouse. Grayson is the proprietor of a large undertaking establishment at 641 Florida avenue northwest, where he has been doing a large business. It is claimed that enemies of Grayson in the same business that he is in had the wife to come to this city and prosecute him. Unless the \$300 is paid Grayson will be compelled to serve six months in the workhouse.

A movement is on foot to give an entertainment for the benefit of the Colored Social Settlement. The executive committee meeting held at the residence of Mr. A. M. Curtis last Tuesday evening was largely attended. The colored people don't take very much interest in their own as they should.

I would like to know how the colored lawyers are making out with



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the impeachment of Judge Wright. Congressman Bennett, of New York, knows what to say to colored agitators to satisfy them.

Register J. W. Lyons is pushing the interest of the Freedmen's Savings Bank depositors for all it is worth.

Everywhere I go I hear nothing but praise for Major Arthur Brooks. He is a genial fellow, and popular with his soldier boys. When it was rumored that he was going to resign the appeals of the boys to him to withdraw his resignation was sad. The colored military is what Capt. Brooks has made it. We all will stand by the Major.
ROUNDER.

Robert Moore III.

Mr. Robert Moore, who has been quite ill for several months, is fast improving. Mr. Moore has moved his place of business, 1727 1/2 7th street northwest.

The National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C. offers the following special courses:

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